

# P S A L M S

A N D

# H Y M N S

COLLECTED BY

WILLIAM BROMLEY CADOGAN, M.A.

Rector of St. Luke's, Chelsea; St. Giles's, Reading; and  
Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Lord Cadogan.

O sing unto the Lord a new song;  
Sing unto the Lord all the earth.  
Sing unto the Lord, blefs his name;  
Shew forth his falvation from day to day.  
Pfalm xcvi, 1, 2.

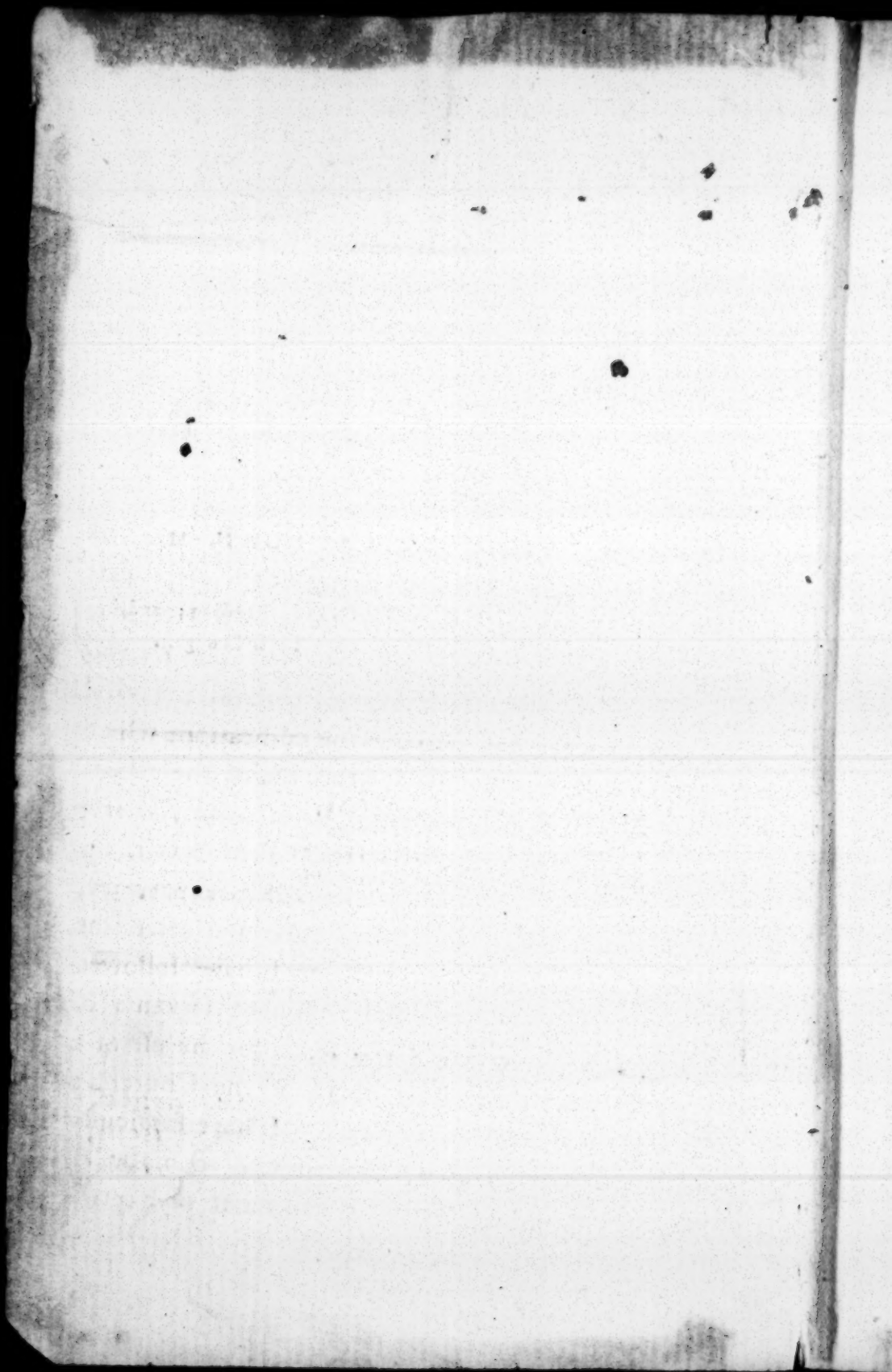


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## P R E F A C E.

**T**HERE can be no doubt but that Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs constitute a part of divine worship, and where there is a real love between minister and people, founded upon *the mutual faith* of both, those Hymns perhaps are most likely to serve the purposes of edification, which are selected by the one for the use of the other: because in such connexions, “*as in water face is to face, so is the heart of man to man,*” Prov. xxvii, 19. The preacher suits the hearer—their experience, their views, their habits are similar and often the same. Under these impressions I have followed the examples of some most eminent servants of God, in selecting these divine songs for the use of a people whom the great Head of the Church is pleased to entrust to my care. I have studiously avoided every thing which appeared to me wild, fanciful, or trifling, either in sentiment or expression,

fion, and aimed simply at the support and increase of sober, serious, scriptural godliness, such as glows in the heart, shines in the life, and animates the whole inner and outer man. Such as the Apostle seems to recommend when he says "*let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts unto the Lord,*" Col. iii, 16. Encouraged by these words of the Holy Ghost, and many others to the same import, I put these Psalms and Hymns into the hands of a people, whom I love in the LORD, for whom *I am ready to spend and be spent*, with whom *it is in my heart to live and die*, and to be eternally connected when time and death shall be no more. May the LORD, whose praises they contain, give them His sanction, and make them effectual to promote the glory of his great NAME and the good of his redeemed people.

Reading, August 3d, 1785.

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The Initial Letters L. M. &c. and the Figures 6, 7, &c. shew the measure of each Hymn.

L. M. Long Measure.

C. M. Common Measure.

S. M. Short Measure.

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1

2

3

4

5

6

7

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# PSALMS of DAVID.

IN METRE.

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## PSALM I.

- 1 **H**OW blest is he who ne'er consents  
By ill advice to walk?  
Nor stands in sinners' way, nor sits  
Where men profanely talk?
- 2 But makes the perfect law of God  
His business and delight,  
Devoutly reads therein by day,  
And meditates by night.
- 3 Like some fair tree, which fed by streams,  
With timely fruit does bend,  
He still shall flourish, and success  
All his designs attend.
- 4 Ungodly men and their attempts  
No lasting root shall find;  
Untimely, blasted, and dispers'd,  
Like chaff before the wind.
- 5 Their guilt shall strike the wicked dumb  
Before their Judge's face:  
No formal hypocrite shall then  
Among the saints have place.
- 6 For God approves the just man's ways,  
To happiness they tend;  
But sinners and the paths they tread,  
Shall both in ruin end.

## P S A L M II.

- 1 **W**HY did the nations join to slay  
 The Lord's Anointed Son?  
 Why did they cast his laws away,  
 And tread his gospel down?
- 2 The Lord, that sits above the skies,  
 Derides their rage below;  
 He speaks with vengeance in his eyes,  
 And strikes their spirits through.
- 3 "I call Him my Eternal Son,  
 And raise Him from the dead;  
 I make my holy hill his throne,  
 And wide his kingdom spread.
- 4 Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy  
 The utmost heathen lands:  
 Thy rod of iron shall destroy  
 The rebel that withstands."
- 5 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,  
 Obey th' anointed Lord;  
 Adore the King of heav'nly birth,  
 And tremble at his word.
- 6 With humble love address his throne;  
 For if He frown ye die:  
 They are secure, and they alone,  
 Who on his grace rely.

## P S A L M III.

- 1 **M**Y God how many are my fears!  
 How fast my foes increase!  
 Conspiring my eternal death,  
 They break my present peace.
- 2 The lying tempter would persuade  
 There's no relief in heav'n;  
 And all my swelling sins appear  
 Too big to be forgiv'n.



- 3 But Thou, my glory and my strength,  
Shalt on the tempter tread,  
Shalt silence all my threat'ning guilt,  
And raise my drooping head.
- 4 What though the hosts of death and hell  
All arm'd against me stood,  
Terrors no more shall shake my soul;  
My refuge is my God.
- 5 Salvation to the Lord belongs,  
His arm alone can save:  
Blessings attend thy people here,  
And reach beyond the grave.

## P S A L M IV.

- 1 **O** God of grace and righteousness,  
Hear and attend when I complain;  
Thou hast enlarg'd me in distress,  
Bow down a gracious ear again.
- 2 Ye sons of men, in vain ye try  
To turn my glory into shame;  
How long will scoffers love to lie,  
And dare reproach my Saviour's Name?
- 3 Let the unthinking many say,  
"Who will bestow some earthly good?"  
But, Lord, thy light and love we pray,  
Our souls desire this heav'nly food.
- 4 Then shall my chearful pow'rs rejoice  
At grace and favours so divine;  
Nor will I change my happy choice,  
For all their corn and all their wine.

## P S A L M VI.

- 1 **I**N anger, Lord, rebuke me not,  
Withdraw the dreadful storm;  
Nor let thy fury grow so hot  
Against a feeble worm.

- 2 Sorrow and pain wear out my days;  
I waste the night with cries;  
Counting the minutes as they pass,  
Till the slow morning rise.
- 3 Shall I be still tormented more?  
My eyes consum'd with grief?  
How long, my God, how long before  
Thine hand affords relief?
- 4 He hears when dust and ashes speak,  
He pities all our groans;  
He saves us for his mercy's sake,  
And heals our broken bones.

## P S A L M VIII.

- 1 **O** Lord our God, how wond'rous great  
Is thine exalted Name!  
The glories of thy heav'nly state  
Let men and babes proclaim.
- 2 When I behold thy works on high,  
The moon that rules the night,  
And stars that well adorn the sky,  
Those moving worlds of light!
- 3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,  
Who dwells so far below,  
That thou shouldst visit him with grace,  
And love his nature so!
- 4 That thine Eternal Son should bear  
To take a mortal form,  
Made lower than his angels are  
To save a dying worm!
- 5 Him Thou hast crown'd with majesty,  
Who bow'd his guiltless head:  
To him Thou'st giv'n a Name most high,  
Most wide his kingdom spread.
- 6 Jesus, our Lord, how wond'rous great  
Is thy exalted Name!  
The glories of thy heav'nly state  
Let the whole earth proclaim.

## P S A L M X.

- 1 **W**HY do the men of malice say,  
Elate with foolish pride?  
“ The Lord will never us repay,  
Nor fight on Zion’s side.”
- 2 Assert thy just dominion, Lord,  
Stretch forth thy mighty hand,  
As when the heathen felt thy sword,  
And perish’d from thy land.
- 3 Thou hast the humble suppliants heard,  
Who to thy throne repair;  
They come with hearts by Thee prepar’d,  
And Thou accept’st their pray’r.
- 4 Proud tyrants shall no more oppress,  
No more despise the just;  
And mighty sinners shall confess,  
They are but earth and dust.

## P S A L M XIV.

- 1 **F**OOLS in their hearts believe and say,  
“ That all religion’s vain,  
“ There is no God that reigns on high,  
“ Or minds th’ affairs of men.”
- 2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane  
Corrupt discourse proceeds;  
And in their impious hands are found  
Abominable deeds.
- 3 The Lord from his celestial throne  
Look’d down on things below,  
To find the man that sought his grace,  
Or did his justice know.
- 4 By nature all are gone astray,  
Their practice all the same:  
There’s none that loves his Maker’s hand,  
There’s none that fears his Name.

- 5 Their tongues are us'd to speak deceit ;  
 Their slanders never cease ;  
 How swift to mischief are their feet ?  
 Nor know the paths of peace.
- 6 Such seeds of sin (that bitter root)  
 In ev'ry heart are found ;  
 Nor can they bear diviner fruit,  
 Till grace refine the ground.

## P S A L M XVI.

- 1 **G**OD is my portion and my joy ;  
 His counsels are my light :  
 He gives me sweet advice by day,  
 And gentle hints by night.
- 2 I set the Lord before my face,  
 He bears my courage up :  
 My heart and tongue their joy express,  
 My flesh shall rest in hope.
- 3 My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave,  
 Where souls departed are :  
 Nor quit my body to the grave  
 To see corruption there.
- 4 Thou wilt reveal the path of life,  
 And raise me to thy throne ;  
 Thy courts immortal pleasures give,  
 Thy presence joys unknown.

## P S A L M XVIII.

- 1 **'T**IS God that girds my armour on,  
 And all my just designs fulfils ;  
 Through Him my feet can swiftly run,  
 And nimbly climb the steepest hills.
- 2 Lessons of war from Him I take,  
 And manly weapons learn to wield ;  
 Strong bows of steel with ease I break,  
 Forc'd by my stronger arms to yield.



- 3 The buckler of his saving health  
Protects me from assailing foes ;  
His hand sustains me still ; my wealth  
And greatness from his bounty flows.
- 4 My goings He enlarg'd abroad,  
Till then to narrow paths confin'd ;  
And, when in slipp'ry ways I trod,  
The method of my steps design'd.
- 5 Let the Eternal Lord be prais'd !  
The rock on whose defence I rest !  
O'er highest heav'ns his name be rais'd,  
Who me with his salvation bless'd.

## P S A L M XIX.

- 1 **G**OD's perfect law converts the soul,  
Reclaims from false desires ;  
With sacred wisdom his sure word  
The ignorant inspires.
- 2 The statutes of the Lord are just  
And bring sincere delight ;  
His pure commands in search of truth  
Assist the feeblest fight.
- 3 His perfect worship here is fix'd,  
On sure foundations laid :  
His equal laws are in the scales  
Of truth and justice weigh'd.
- 4 Of more esteem than golden mines,  
Or gold refin'd with skill ;  
More sweet than honey, or the drops  
That from the comb distill.
- 5 My faithful counsellors they are,  
And friendly warnings give :  
Divine rewards attend on those,  
Who by his precepts live.



## P S A L M XX.

- 1 **N**OW may the God of pow'r and grace  
Attend his people's humble cry!  
Jehovah hears when Isr'el prays,  
And sends deliv'rance from on high.
- 2 Well he remembers all our sighs;  
His love exceeds our best deserts;  
His love accepts the sacrifice  
Of humble groans and broken hearts.
- 3 In his salvation is our hope,  
And in the Name of Isr'el's God  
Our troops shall lift their banners up,  
Our navies spread their flags abroad.
- 4 Some trust in horses trained for war;  
And some of chariots make their boast;  
Our surest expectations are  
From Thee, the Lord of heav'nly host.
- 5 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear;  
Now let our hope be firm and strong,  
Till thy salvation shall appear,  
And joy and triumph raise the song.

## P S A L M XXI.

- 1 **B**Y thy unwearied strength upheld,  
To Thee the King his thanks shall yield  
And, taught by blest experience, know  
What joys from thy salvation flow.
- 2 Thy cares his hearts desire complete;  
His pray'r from thy eternal seat,  
As low to Thee his knees he bends,  
In full acceptance back descends.
- 3 Thou, Lord, preventive of his want,  
The blessings of thy love wilt grant,  
And bid the crown immortal spread  
It's purest splendors round his head.

- 4 He asked Thee life, and finds it giv'n,  
Life, lasting as the days of heav'n.  
The conquests, which thy hands bestow,  
With grace and glory bind his brow.
- 5 He, crown'd with bliss perpetual, He  
Thy face in full display shall see,  
And (for on Thee his hopes rely)  
Unmov'd each adverse shock defy.
- 6 Sole Lord of all, through earth and skies  
O let thy pow'r conspicuous rise,  
And furnish to our grateful lays  
A theme of everlasting praise.

## P S A L M XXII.

- 1 **M**Y God, my God, O tell me, why  
Unheeded still ascends my cry,  
Why thus from my afflicted heart  
Thy presence and thy health depart?
- 2 Lord what am I? a man in form,  
Yet brother to the trampled worm;  
An outcast from the human kind,  
To fierce derision's rage consign'd.
- 3 They shake their heads, they shout, they gaze;  
Each eye, each lip, contempt betrays:  
On God, they cry, thy hope was staid;  
Be God, if his thou art, thy aid.
- 4 Thine, mightiest Father, thine I am;  
By Thee from out the womb I came,  
From Thee my ev'ry comfort sprung,  
While yet upon the breast I hung.
- 5 O view me not with distant eye,  
While various griefs await me nigh:  
Thy aid withheld, what friendly pow'r  
Shall shield me in the dang'rous hour?
- 6 See bulls unnumber'd round me stand,  
Bulls, nurs'd in Basan's fertile land;  
With wide-extended mouth they roar,  
Nor rage the rav'ning lions more.

- 7 My frame disjoin'd in swift decay,  
Wastes like the running stream away;  
My heart in groans it's grief proclaims,  
And melts, as wax before the flames.
- 8 Fast to my jaws my tongue is chain'd,  
My flesh, it's vital moisture drain'd,  
Dry as the clay-form'd vase appears,  
And e'en to death thy chaf'ning bears.
- 9 Thou seest a throng, who Thee despise,  
In dreadful siege against me rise,  
And while fast issuing streams the gore,  
My hands and feet relentless bore.
- 10 My starting bones to ev'ry eye  
Exposed, O ye that passing by  
In wonder (not in pity) join,  
O, say, was ever grief like mine?
- 11 My raiment each with each divides,  
My vesture, as the lot decides,  
Becomes some new possessor's spoil,  
The prize that crowns his impious toil.
- 12 My God, my strength, recede not far,  
But haste and make my soul thy care,  
O turn th' impending swords away,  
Nor yield it to the dog a prey.
- 13 So will I join thy honour'd Name  
Amidst my brethren to proclaim,  
And gath'ring crouds shall hear me raise  
To God the songs of endless praise.

## P S A L M XXIII.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my shepherd is,  
I shall be well supply'd;  
Since He is mine, and I am his,  
What can I want beside?
- 2 He leads me to the place,  
Where heav'nly pasture grows,  
Where living waters gently pass,  
And full salvation flows.

- 3 If e'er I go astray,  
He doth my soul reclaim;  
And guides me in his own right way,  
For his most holy Name.
- 4 While He affords his aid,  
I cannot yield to fear;  
Though I should walk thro' death's dark shade,  
My shepherd's with me there.
- 5 In sight of all my foes  
Thou dost my table spread;  
My cup with blessings overflows,  
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of thy love  
Shall crown my following days;  
Nor from thy house will I remove;  
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

## P S A L M XXIV.

- 1 **E**RECT your heads, eternal gates,  
Unfold to entertain  
The King of Glory! See He comes  
With his celestial train.
- 2 Who is this King of Glory? Who?  
The Lord for strength renown'd;  
In battle mighty, o'er his foes  
Eternal victor crown'd.
- 3 Erect your heads, ye gates, unfold,  
In state to entertain  
The King of Glory: see He comes  
With all his shining train.
- 4 Who is the King of Glory? Who?  
The Lord of Hosts renown'd:  
Of Glory He alone is King,  
Who is with glory crown'd.



## P S A L M XXV.

- 1 **I** Lift my soul to God,  
My trust is in his Name :  
Let not my foes that seek my blood  
Still triumph in my shame.
- 2 Sin and the pow'rs of hell  
Persuade me to despair ;  
Lord, make me know thy cov'nant well,  
That I may 'scape the snare.
- 3 Remember all thy grace,  
And lead me in thy truth ;  
Forgive the sins of riper days,  
And follies of my youth.
- 4 The Lord is just and kind,  
The meek shall learn his ways ;  
And ev'ry humble sinner find  
The methods of his grace.
- 5 For his own goodness sake  
He saves my soul from shame ;  
He pardons (tho' my guilt be great)  
Through my Redeemer's Name.

## P S A L M XXVII.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of glory is my light,  
And my salvation too ;  
God is my strength ; nor will I fear  
What all my foes can do.
- 2 One privilege my heart desires :  
O ! grant me an abode ;  
Among the churches of thy saints,  
The temples of my God.
- 3 There shall I offer my requests,  
And see thy beauty still :  
Shall hear the message of thy love,  
And there enquire thy will.



- 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,  
There may his children hide ;  
God has a strong pavilion, where  
He makes my soul abide.
- 5 Now shall my head be lifted high  
Above my foes around,  
And songs of joy and victory  
Within my temples found.

## P S A L M XXXII.

- 1 **O** Blessed souls are they,  
Whose sins are cover'd o'er,  
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord  
Imputes their guilt no more.
- 2 They mourn their follies past,  
And keep their hearts with care ;  
Their lips and lives without deceit  
Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 While I conceal'd my guilt,  
I felt the fest'ring wound ;  
Till I confess'd my sins to Thee,  
And ready pardon found.
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray,  
Let saints keep near the throne ;  
Our help in times of deep distress  
Is found in God alone.

## P S A L M XXXIII.

- 1 **B**LESSED, how blessed ! they to whom  
The Lord for God is known !  
Whom He from all the world besides  
Has chosen for his own !
- 2 He all the nations of the earth  
From heav'n his throne survey'd ;  
He saw their works and view'd their thoughts,  
By Him their hearts were made.

- 3 No king is safe by mighty hosts,  
 Their strength the strong deceives;  
 No manag'd horse by force or speed  
 His warlike rider saves.
- 4 'Tis God who those that trust in him  
 Beholds with gracious eyes;  
 He frees their souls from death, their want  
 In time of dearth supplies.
- 5 Our soul on God with patience waits;  
 Our help and shield is He:  
 Then Lord let still our hearts rejoice,  
 Because we trust on Thee.

## P S A L M XXXIV.

- 1 COME children, learn to fear the Lord;  
 And that your days be long,  
 Let not a false or evil word  
 Be found upon your tongue.
- 2 Depart from mischief, practice love,  
 Pursue the works of peace;  
 So shall the Lord your ways approve,  
 And set your souls at ease.
- 3 His eyes awake to guard the just,  
 His ears attends their cry;  
 When broken spirits dwell in dust,  
 The God of grace is nigh.
- 4 What though the sorrows here they taste  
 Are sharp and tedious too,  
 The Lord, who saves them all at last,  
 Is their supporter now.
- 5 Evil shall smite the wicked dead,  
 But God secures his own,  
 Prevents the mischief, when they slide,  
 Or heals the broken bone.
- 6 When desolation, like a flood,  
 O'er the proud sinner rolls;  
 Saints find a refuge in their God,  
 For He redeem'd their souls.

P S A L M S.

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P S A L M XXXVI.

- 1 **H**IGH in the heav'ns, eternal God!  
Thy goodness in full glory shines;  
Thy truth shall break through ev'ry cloud,  
That veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 For ever firm thy justice stands,  
As mountains their foundations keep;  
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;  
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy Providence is kind and large;  
Both men and beast thy bounty share;  
The whole creation is thy charge,  
But saints are thy peculiar care.
- 4 My God! how excellent thy grace,  
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!  
The sons of Adam in distress,  
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
- 5 From the provisions of thy house,  
We shall be fed with sweet repast;  
There mercy, like a river, flows,  
And brings salvation to our taste.
- 6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,  
Springs from the presence of my Lord;  
And in thy light our souls shall see  
The glories promis'd in thy word.

P S A L M XXXVII.

- 1 **W**HY do the wealthy wicked boast,  
And grow profanely bold?  
The meanest portion of the just  
Excells the sinner's gold.
- 2 The wicked borrows of his friends,  
But ne'er designs to pay;  
The just is merciful and lends,  
Nor turns the poor away.

- 3 His alms with lib'ral heart he gives  
Among the sons of need ;  
His mem'ry to long ages lives,  
And blessed is his seed.
- 4 His lips abhor to talk profane,  
To slander or defraud ;  
His ready tongue declares to men  
What he has learn'd from God.
- 5 The law and gospel of the Lord  
Deep in his heart abide ;  
Led by the spirit and the word,  
His feet shall never slide.
- 6 When sinners fall, the righteous stand,  
Preserv'd from ev'ry snare ;  
They shall possess the promis'd land,  
And dwell for ever there.

## P S A L M XXXIX.

- 1 **T**EACH me the measure of my days,  
Thou maker of my frame ;  
I would survey life's narrow space,  
And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast,  
An inch or two of time ;  
Man is but vanity and dust,  
In all his flow'r and prime.
- 3 See the vain race of mortals move  
Like shadows o'er the plain ;  
They rage and strive, desire and love,  
But all their noise is vain.
- 4 Some walk in honour's gaudy shew,  
Some dig for golden ore ;  
They toil for heirs, they know not who,  
And straight are seen no more.
- 5 What should I wish or wait for then,  
From creatures earth and dust ?  
They make our expectations vain,  
And disappoint our trust.



- 6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,  
 My fond desires recall;  
 I give my mortal int'rest up,  
 And make my God my all.

## P S A L M XL.

- 1 **I** Waited patient for the Lord,  
 He bow'd to hear my cry:  
 He saw me resting on his word,  
 And brought salvation nigh.
- 2 He rais'd me from a horrid pit,  
 Where mourning long I lay;  
 And from my bonds releas'd my feet,  
 Deep bonds of miry clay.
- 3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,  
 And taught my chearful tongue  
 To praise the wonders of his hand,  
 In a new thankful song.
- 4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad;  
 The saints with joy shall hear;  
 And sinners learn to make my God  
 Their only hope and fear.
- 5 How many are thy thoughts of love!  
 Thy mercies, Lord, how great!  
 We have not words, nor hours enough,  
 Their numbers to repeat.

## P S A L M XLII.

- 1 **W**ITH earnest longings of the mind,  
 My God, to thee I look;  
 So pants the hunted hart to find,  
 And taste the cooling brook.
- 2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,  
 And meet my God again?  
 So long an absence from thy face  
 My heart endures with pain.



- 3 Temptations vex my weary soul,  
And tears are my repast;  
The foe insults without controul,  
“ And where’s your God at last ? ”
- 4 ’Tis with a mournful pleasure now  
I think on antient days :  
Then to thy house did numbers go,  
And all our work was praise.
- 5 But why’s my soul sunk down so far  
Beneath this heavy load ?  
Why do my thoughts indulge despair  
And sin against my God ?
- 6 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand  
Can all thy woes remove ;  
For I shall yet before him stand,  
And sing restoring love.

## P S A L M XLV.

- 1 **I**’LL speak the honours of my King :  
His form divinely fair ;  
None of the sons of mortal race  
May with the Lord compare.
- 2 Sweet is thy speech, and heav’nly grace  
Upon thy lips is shed :  
Thy God with blessings infinite  
Hath crown’d thy sacred head.
- 3 Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince !  
Ride with majestic sway :  
Thy terror shall strike through thy foes,  
And make the world obey.
- 4 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands ;  
Thy word of grace shall prove  
A peaceful scepter in thy hands,  
To rule thy saints by love.
- 5 Justice and truth attend thee still,  
But mercy is thy choice ;  
And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill  
With most peculiar joys.

## P S A L M XLVI.

- 1 **G**OD is our refuge in distress,  
A present help when dangers press ;  
In him undaunted we'll confide :  
Though earth were from her center toss'd,  
And mountains in the ocean lost,  
Torn piece-meal by the roaring tide.
- 2 A gentler stream with gladness still  
The city of our Lord shall fill,  
The royal seat of God most high :  
God dwells in Sion, whose fair tow'rs  
Shall mock th' assault of earthly pow'rs,  
While his Almighty aid is nigh.
- 3 In tumults when the heathen rag'd,  
And kingdoms war against us wag'd,  
He thunder'd and dispers'd their pow'rs.  
The Lord of hosts conducts our arms,  
Our tow'r of refuge in alarms ;  
Our father's guardian God and ours.

## P S A L M XLVIII.

- 1 **I**N Sion God is known,  
A refuge in distress ;  
How bright has his salvation shone  
Through all her palaces !
- 2 When kings against her join'd,  
And saw the Lord was there,  
In wild confusion of the mind,  
They fled with hasty fear.
- 3 Oft have our fathers told,  
Our eyes have often seen,  
How well our God secures the fold,  
Where his own sheep have been.
- 4 In ev'ry new distress  
We'll to his house repair,  
We'll think upon his wond'rous grace,  
And seek deliv'rance there.

## P S A L M L.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the Judge, before his throne  
     Bids the whole earth draw nigh :  
 The nations near the rising sun,  
     And near the western sky.
- 2 Thron'd on a cloud our God shall come,  
     Bright flames prepare his way ;  
 Thunder and darkness, fire and storm  
     Lead on the dreadful day.
- 3 Heav'n from above his call shall hear,  
     Attending angels come ;  
 And earth and hell shall know and fear  
     His justice and their doom.
- 4 " But gather all my faints, (He cries)  
     " That made their peace with God,  
     " By the Redeemer's sacrifice,  
     " And seal'd it with his blood.
- " Their faith and works brought forth to light,  
     " Shall make the world confess  
     " My sentence of reward is right,  
     " And heav'n adore my grace."

## P S A L M LI.

- 1 **O** God of mercy, hear my call,  
     My load of guilt remove ;  
 Break down this separating wall,  
     That bars me from thy love.
- 2 Give me the presence of thy grace,  
     Then my rejoicing tongue  
 Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,  
     And make thy praise my song.
- 3 No blood of goats nor heifer slain,  
     For sin could e'er atone ;  
 The death of Christ shall still remain,  
     Sufficient and alone.

- 4 A soul oppress'd with sins desert  
My God will ne'er despise;  
An humble groan, a broken heart,  
Is our best sacrifice.

## P S A L M LV.

- 1 **L**ET sinners take their course,  
And chuse the road to death;  
But in the worship of my God,  
I'll spend my daily breath.
- 2 My thoughts address his throne,  
When morning brings the light;  
I seek his blessing ev'ry noon,  
And pay my vows at night.
- 3 Thou wilt regard my cries,  
O my eternal God!  
While sinners perish in surprize,  
Beneath thy angry rod.
- 4 Because they dwell at ease,  
And no sad changes feel,  
They neither fear nor trust thy Name,  
Nor learn to do thy will.
- 5 But I with all my cares,  
Will lean upon the Lord;  
I'll cast my burden on his arm,  
And rest upon his word.
- 6 His arm shall well sustain  
The children of his love;  
The ground on which their safety stands,  
No earthly pow'r can move.

## P S A L M LVI.

- 1 **G**OD counts the sorrows of his saints,  
Their groans affect his ears;  
Thou hast a book for my complaints,  
A bottle for my tears.



- 2 When to thy throne I raise my cry,  
The wicked fear and flee ;  
So swift is pray'r to reach the sky,  
So near is God to me.
- 3 In Thee, most holy, just, and true,  
I have repos'd my trust ;  
Nor will I fear what man can do,  
The offspring of the dust.
- 4 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,  
Thou shalt receive my praise ;  
I'll sing how faithful is thy word,  
How righteous all thy ways.
- 5 Thou hast secur'd my soul from death ;  
O set thy pris'ner free ;  
That heart, and hand, and life and breath,  
May be employ'd for Thee.

## P S A L M LXI.

- 1 **W**HEN overwhelm'd with grief,  
My heart within me dies,  
Helpless and far from all relief,  
To heav'n I lift mine eyes.
- 2 O lead me to the rock,  
That's high above my head ;  
And make the covert of thy wings,  
My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,  
For ever I'll abide ;  
Thou art the tow'r of my defence,  
The refuge where I hide.
- 4 Thou givest me the lot  
Of those that fear thy Name ;  
If endless life be their reward,  
I shall possess the same.



## P S A L M LXIII.

- 1 **E**ARLY, my God, without delay,  
I haste to seek thy face,  
My thirsty spirit faints away,  
Without thy chearing grace.
- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,  
Beneath a burning sky,  
Long for a cooling stream at hand,  
And they must drink or die.
- 3 I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r,  
Thro' all thy temple shine;  
My God repeat that heav'nly hour,  
That vision so divine.
- 4 Not all the blessings of a feast,  
Can please my soul so well,  
As when thy richer grace I taste,  
And in thy presence dwell.
- 5 Not life itself with all it's joys,  
Can my best passions move,  
Or raise so high my chearful voice,  
As thy forgiving love.
- 6 Thus, till my last expiring day,  
I'll blest my God and King;  
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,  
And tune my lips to sing.

## P S A L M LXV.

- 1 **F**OR Thee, O God, our constant praise  
In Sion waits, thy chosen seat;  
Our promis'd altars there we'll raise,  
And all our zealous vows complet.
- 2 O Thou, who to my humble pray'r  
Didst always bend thy list'ning ear,  
To Thee shall all mankind repair,  
And at thy gracious throne appear.

- 3 Our sins (tho' numberless) in vain  
To stop thy flowing mercy try ;  
Whilst Thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,  
And wastest out the crimson die.
- 4 Blest is the man, who, near Thee plac'd,  
Within thy sacred dwelling lives ;  
Whilst we at humble distance taste  
The vast delights thy temple gives.

## P S A L M LXVI.

- 1 **O** COME all ye that fear the Lord,  
Attend with heedful care ;  
Whilst I what God for me has done,  
With grateful joy declare.
- 2 As I, before, his aid implor'd,  
So now I praise his name ;  
Who, if my heart had harbour'd sin,  
Would all my pray'rs disclaim.
- 3 But God to me, whene'er I cry'd,  
His gracious ear did bend ;  
And to the voice of my request  
With constant love attend.
- 4 Then blest'd for ever be my God,  
Who never, when I pray,  
Withholds his mercy from my soul,  
Nor turns his face away.

## P S A L M LXVIII.

- 1 **L** ORD, when thou didst ascend on high,  
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky :  
Those heav'nly guards around thee wait,  
Like chariots that attend thy state.
- 2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear  
More glorious, when the Lord was there ;  
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,  
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

- 3 How bright the triumph none can tell,  
 When the rebellious pow'rs of hell,  
 That thousand souls had captive made,  
 Were all in chains like captives led.
- 4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,  
 He sent the promis'd blessing down,  
 With gifts and grace for rebel men  
 That God might dwell on earth again.

## P S A L M LXIX.

- 1 " **S**AVE me, O God, the swelling floods  
 " Break in upon my soul :  
 " I sink, and sorrows o'er my head  
 " Like mighty waters roll.
- 2 " I cry till all my voice be gone ;  
 " In tears I waste the day :  
 " My God, behold my longing eyes,  
 " And shorten thy delay.
- 3 " They hate my soul without a cause,  
 " And still their number grows  
 " More than the hairs around my head,  
 " And mighty are my foes.
- 4 " 'Twas then I pay'd that dreadful debt,  
 " That men could never pay,  
 " And gave those honours to thy law,  
 " Which sinners took away.
- 5 " Now shall the saints rejoice and find  
 " Salvation in my Name,  
 " For I have borne their heavy load  
 " Of sorrow, pain and shame.
- 6 " Grief, like a garment, cloath'd me round,  
 " And sackcloth was my dress,  
 " While I procur'd for naked souls  
 " A robe of righteousness.

- 7 " Amongst my brethren and the Jews,  
 " I like a stranger stood,  
 " And bore their vile reproach to bring  
 " The Gentiles near to God.
- 8 " I came in sinful mortals stead  
 " To do my Father's will ;  
 " Yet when I cleans'd my Father's house,  
 " They scandaliz'd my zeal.
- 9 " My fastings and my holy groans  
 " Were made the drunkards song ;  
 " But God from his celestial throne,  
 " Heard my complaining tongue.
- 10 " He sav'd me from the dreadful deep,  
 " Nor let my soul be drown'd ;  
 " He rais'd and fix'd my sinking feet  
 " On well establish'd ground.
- 11 " 'Twas in a most accepted hour,  
 " My pray'r arose on high,  
 " And for my sake my God shall hear  
 " The dying sinners cry."

## P S A L M LXXI.

- 1 **T**HY righteous acts and saving health,  
 My mouth shall still declare ;  
 Unable yet to count them all,  
 Tho' summ'd with utmost care.
- 2 While God vouchsafes me his support,  
 I'll in his strength go on,  
 All other righteousness disclaim,  
 And mention his alone.
- 3 Thou, Lord, hast taught me from my youth  
 To praise thy glorious name ;  
 And ever since thy wond'rous works  
 Have been my constant theme.
- 4 Then now forsake me not when I  
 Am grey and feeble grown ;  
 'Till I to these and future times,  
 Thy strength and pow'r have shown.



- 5 How high thy justice soars, O God!  
How great and wond'rous are  
The mighty works which Thou hast done,  
Who may with Thee compare?
- 6 Me, whom thy hand has sorely press'd,  
Thy grace shall yet relieve,  
And from the lowest depth of woe,  
With tender care retrieve.
- 7 Thro' Thee, my time to come shall be  
With pow'r and greatness crown'd;  
And me, who dismal years have past,  
Thy comforts shall surround.
- 8 Therefore with psaltery and harp  
Thy truth, O Lord, I'll praise;  
To Thee, the God of Jacob's race,  
My voice in anthems raise.
- 9 Then joy shall fill my mouth, and songs  
Employ my chearful voice:  
My grateful soul, by Thee redeem'd,  
Shall in thy strength rejoice.

## P S A L M LXXII.

- 1 **J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run:  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For Him shall endless pray'r be made,  
And princes throng to crown his head;  
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of ev'ry tongue  
Dwell on his love, with sweetest song;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his Name.



- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;  
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains,  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Where He displays his healing pow'r,  
Death and the curse are known no more ;  
In Him the sons of Adam boast  
More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Let ev'ry creature rise and bring,  
Peculiar honours to our king ;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

## P S A L M LXXIII.

- 1 **G**OD my supporter and my hope,  
My help for ever near,  
Thine arm of mercy held me up,  
When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet,  
Through this dark wilderness ;  
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,  
To dwell before thy face.
- 3 Were I in heav'n without my God,  
'Twould be no joy to me ;  
And whilst this earth is my abode,  
I long for none but Thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,  
And flesh and heart should faint !  
God is my soul's eternal rock,  
The strength of ev'ry faint.
- 5 Behold, the sinners that remove  
Far from thy presence die ;  
Not all the idol Gods they love,  
Can save them when they cry.
- 6 But to draw near to Thee my God,  
Shall be my sweet employ ;  
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,  
And tell the world my joy.

## P S A L M LXXVII.

- 1 **T**O God I cry'd with mournful voice,  
I sought his gracious ear,  
In the sad day when troubles rose,  
And fill'd the night with fear.
- 2 Sad were my days and dark my nights,  
My soul refus'd relief ;  
I thought on God the just and wise,  
But thought increas'd my grief.
- 3 Still I complain'd and still oppress'd,  
My heart began to break ;  
My God, thy wrath forbid me rest,  
And kept my eyes awake.
- 4 My overwhelming sorrows grew,  
Till I could speak no more ;  
Then I within myself withdrew,  
And call'd thy judgments o'er.
- 5 I call'd back years and antient times,  
When I beheld thy face ;  
My spirit search'd for secret crimes,  
That might withhold thy grace.
- 6 I call'd thy mercies to my mind,  
Which I enjoy'd before ;  
And will the Lord no more be kind ?  
His face appear no more ?
- 7 Will he for ever cast me off ?  
His promise ever fail ?  
Has he forgot his tender love ?  
Shall anger still prevail ?
- 8 But I forbid this hopeless thought,  
This dark despairing frame,  
Rememb'ring what thy hand hath wrought ;  
Thy hand is still the same.

- 9 I'll think again of all thy ways,  
And talk thy wonders o'er;  
Thy wonders of recov'ring grace,  
When flesh could hope no more.
- 10 Grace dwells with justice on the throne;  
And men that love thy word,  
Have in thy sanctuary known,  
The councils of the Lord.

## P S A L M LXXX.

- 1 **H**AST Thou not planted with thy hands  
A lovely vine in heathen lands?  
Did not thy pow'r defend it round,  
And heav'nly dews enrich the ground?
- 2 How did the spreading branches shoot,  
And bless'd the nations with the fruit;  
But now look down, O Lord, and see,  
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.
- 3 Why is its beauty thus defac'd?  
Why hast Thou laid her fences waste?  
Strangers and foes against her join,  
And ev'ry beast devours thy vine.
- 4 Return, almighty God, return;  
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn:  
Turn us to Thee, thy love restore;  
We shall be sav'd and sigh no more.

P S A L M LXXX. *Second Part.*

- 1 **L**ORD, when this vine in Canaan grew,  
Thou wast its strength and glory too!  
Attack'd in vain by all its foes,  
Till the fair branch of promise rose.
- 2 Fair branch ordain'd of old to shoot,  
From David's stock, from Jacob's root;  
Himself a noble vine, and we  
The lesser branches of the tree.

- 3 'Tis thine own Son ; and he shall stand,  
Girt with thy strength, at thy right hand,  
Thy first-born Son ador'd and blest'd  
With pow'r and grace above the rest.
- 4 O! for his sake attend our cry,  
Shine on thy churches, lest they die ;  
Turn us to Thee, thy love restore ;  
We shall be sav'd to sin no more.

## P S A L M LXXXIV.

- 1 **H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,  
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!  
With long desire my spirit faints  
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.
- 2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,  
My panting heart cries out for God ;  
My God ! My king ! why should I be  
So far from all my joys and Thee ?
- 3 The sparrow chuses where to rest,  
And for her young provides her nest :  
But will my God to sparrows grant  
That pleasure which his children want ?
- 4 Blest are the saints, who sit on high,  
Around thy throne of majesty :  
Thy brightest glories shine above,  
And all their work is praise and love.
- 5 Blest are the souls that find a place  
Within the temples of thy grace ;  
There they behold thy gentler rays,  
And seek thy face and learn thy praise.
- 6 Blest are the men, whose hearts are set  
To find a way to Zion's gate ;  
God is their strength ; and through the road  
They lean upon their helper God.
- 7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,  
'Till all shall meet in heav'n at length,  
'Till all before thy face appear,  
And join in nobler worship there.



## P S A L M LXXXV.

- 1 **S**ALVATION is for ever nigh  
To those that fear and trust the Lord ;  
And grace descending from on high  
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.
- 2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,  
Since Christ the Lord came down from heav'n :  
By his obedience so compleat  
Justice is pleas'd, and peace is given.
- 3 Now truth and honour shall abound,  
Religion dwell on earth again,  
And heav'nly influence blest the ground,  
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.
- 4 His righteousness is gone before,  
To give us free access to God ;  
Our wand'ring feet shall stray no more,  
But mark his steps, and keep the road.

## P S A L M LXXXVI.

- 1 **T**O my complaint, O Lord my God,  
Thy gracious ear incline :  
Hear me distress'd and destitute  
Of all relief but thine.
- 2 Do Thou, O God, preserve my soul,  
That does thy Name adore,  
Thy servant keep, and him, whose trust  
Relies on Thee, restore.
- 3 To me, who daily Thee invoke,  
Thy mercy, Lord, extend :  
Refresh thy servants soul, whose hopes  
On Thee alone depend.
- 4 Thou, Lord art good ; not only good,  
But prompt to pardon too ;  
Of plenteous mercy to all those,  
Who for thy mercy sue.



## P S A L M LXXXVII.

- 1 **G**OD in this earthly temple lays  
Foundations for his heav'nly praise :  
He likes the tents of Jacob well,  
But still in Zion loves to dwell.
- 2 His mercy visits every house  
That pay their night and morning vows ;  
But makes a more delightful stay  
Where churches meet to praise and pray.
- 3 What glories were describ'd of old ?  
What wonders are of Zion told ?  
Thou city of our God below,  
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.
- 4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,  
Shall there begin their lives anew ;  
Angels and men shall join to sing  
The hill where living waters spring.
- 5 When God makes up his last account  
Of natives in his holy mount,  
'Twill be an honour to appear  
As one new born, or nourish'd there.

## P S A L M LXXXIX.

- 1 **F**OR ever shall my song record  
The truth and mercy of the Lord ;  
Mercy and truth for ever stand,  
Like heav'n, establish'd by his hand.
- 2 Thus to his Son he sware, and said,  
" With Thee my cov'nant first is made ;  
" In Thee shall dying sinners live,  
" Glory and grace are thine to give.
- 3 " Be Thou my prophet, Thou my priest ;  
" Thy children be for ever bless'd ;  
" Thou art my chosen king : thy throne  
" Shall stand eternal like my own.

- 4 " There's none of all my sons above  
 " So much my image or my love ;  
 " Celestial pow'rs thy subjects are !  
 " Then what can earth to Thee compare.
- 5 " David my servant, whom I chose  
 " To guard my flock, to crush my foes,  
 " And rais'd him to the Jewish throne,  
 " Was but a shadow of my Son.
- 6 Now let the church rejoice and sing,  
 Jesus her Saviour and her King :  
 Angels his heav'nly wonders show,  
 And saints declare his works below.

P S A L M LXXXIX. *Second Part.*

- 1 **B**LEST are the souls that hear and know  
 The gospel's joyful sound ;  
 Peace shall attend the paths they go,  
 And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,  
 Thro' their Redeemer's Name ;  
 His righteousness exalts their hope,  
 Nor Satan dares condemn.
- 3 The Lord their glory and defence  
 Strength and salvation gives :  
 Isr'el, thy King for ever reigns,  
 Thy God for ever lives.

## P S A L M XC.

- 1 **O**UR God, our help in ages past,  
 Our hope for years to come,  
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
 And our eternal home.
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne  
 Thy saints have dwelt secure ;  
 Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
 And our defence is sure.

- 3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth receiv'd her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.
- 4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,  
"Return ye sons of men;"  
All nations rose from earth at first,  
And turn to earth again.
- 5 A thousand ages in thy sight  
Are like an ev'ning gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night,  
Before the rising sun.
- 6 Our God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home.

## P S A L M XCII.

- 1 **S**WEET is the work, my God, my king,  
To praise thy Name, give thanks and sing,  
To shew thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all thy truth by night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,  
No mortal care shall seize my breast;  
O may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound!
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
And bless his works and bless his word:  
Thy works of grace how bright they shine!  
How deep thy counsels! how divine!
- 4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;  
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;  
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath  
Blasts them in everlasting death.
- 5 But I shall share a glorious part,  
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,  
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

- 6 Sin (my worst enemy before)  
 Shall vex my eyes and ears no more :  
 My inward foes shall all be slain,  
 Nor Satan break my peace again.
- 7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,  
 All I desir'd or wish'd below ;  
 And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ  
 In that eternal world of joy.

## P S A L M XCIII.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns : he dwells in light,  
 Girded with majesty and might :  
 The world created by his hands,  
 Still on its foundation stands.
- 2 But ere this spacious world was made,  
 Or had its first foundation laid,  
 Thy throne eternal ages flood,  
 Thyself the everliving God.
- 3 Like floods the angry nations rise,  
 And aim their rage against the skies ;  
 Vain floods that aim their rage so high !  
 At thy rebuke the billows die.
- 4 For ever shall thy throne endure ;  
 Thy promise stands for ever sure ;  
 And everlasting holiness  
 Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

## P S A L M XCIV.

- 1 **O** God, to whom revenge belongs,  
 Proclaim thy wrath aloud ;  
 Let sov'reign pow'r redress our wrongs,  
 Let justice smite the proud.
- 2 They say " the Lord nor sees nor hears ;"  
 When will the fools be wise ?  
 Can he be deaf, who form'd their ears ?  
 Or blind, who made their eyes ?



- 3 He knows their impious thoughts are vain,  
And they shall feel his pow'r;  
His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain,  
In some surprizing hour.
- 4 But if thy Saints deserve rebuke,  
Thou hast a gentler rod;  
Thy providences and thy book,  
Shall make them know their God.
- 5 Blest is the Man thy hands chastise,  
And to his duty draw:  
Thy scourges make thy children wise,  
When they forget thy law.
- 6 But God will ne'er cast off his saints,  
Nor his own promise break;  
He pardons his inheritance  
For their Redeemer's sake.

## P S A L M XCV.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord Jehovah's Name,  
And in his strength rejoice;  
When his Salvation is our theme,  
Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks approach his awful sight,  
And psalms of honour sing;  
The Lord's a God of boundless might,  
The whole creation's King.
- 3 Come, and with humble souls adore;  
Come kneel before his face;  
O may the creatures of his pow'r  
Be children of his grace!
- 4 Now is the time; he bends his ear,  
And waits for your request;  
Come, lest He rouse his wrath, and swear,  
"Ye shall not see my rest."

## P S A L M XCVI.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord ye distant lands,  
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue ;  
His new discover'd grace demands  
A new and noble song.
- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,  
God's own almighty Son ;  
His pow'r the sinking world sustains,  
And grace surrounds his throne.
- 3 Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day,  
Joy thro' the earth be seen ;  
Let cities shine in bright array,  
And fields in chearful green.
- 4 Let an unusual joy surprize  
The islands of the sea ;  
Ye mountains sink, ye vallies rise,  
Prepare the Lord his way.
- 5 Behold He comes ! He comes to bless  
The nations as their God :  
To shew the world his righteousness,  
And send his truth abroad.
- 6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,  
And bid the world draw near,  
How will the guilty nations dread  
To see their Judge appear !

## P S A L M XCVII.

- 1 **H**E reigns, the Lord the Saviour reigns !  
Praise him in evangelick strains :  
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,  
And distant islands join their voice.
- 2 Deep are his counsels and unknown ;  
But grace and truth support his throne ;  
Tho' gloomy clouds his way surround,  
Justice is their eternal ground.

- 3 In robes of judgment, lo He comes !  
Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs :  
Before Him burns devouring fire,  
'The mountains melt, the seas retire.
- 4 His enemies with fore dismay,  
Fly from the sight and shun the day :  
Then lift your heads, ye saints on high,  
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

P S A L M XCVII. *Second Part.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord is come ; the heav'ns proclaim  
His birth ; the nations learn his name ;  
An unknown star directs the road  
Of Eastern sages to their God.
- 2 All ye bright armies of the skies,  
Go worship where the Saviour lies ;  
Angels and Kings before him bow,  
'Those Gods on high and Gods below.
- 3 Let Idols totter to the ground,  
And their own worshippers confound ;  
But Judah shout, but Zion sing,  
And earth confess her sov'reign King.

P S A L M XCVII. *Third Part.*

- 1 **T**H' Almighty reigns exalted high  
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky ;  
Tho' clouds and darkness veil his feet,  
His dwelling is the mercy seat.
- 2 O ye that love his holy name,  
Hate ev'ry work of sin and shame ;  
He guards the souls of all his friends,  
And from the snares of hell defends.
- 3 Immortal light, and joys unknown,  
Are for the saints in darkness sown ;  
'Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,  
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

- 4 Rejoice, ye righteous and record  
The sacred honours of the Lord ;  
None but the soul that feels his grace,  
Can triumph in his holiness.

## P S A L M XCVIII.

- 1 **J**OY to the world ; the Lord is come !  
Let earth receive her King ;  
Let every heart prepare him room,  
And all creation sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns !  
Let men their songs employ ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground ;  
He comes to make his blessings flow,  
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace ;  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of his right'ousness,  
And wonders of his love.

## P S A L M XCIX.

- 1 **T**HE God Jehovah reigns,  
Let all the nations fear ;  
Let sinners tremble at his throne,  
And saints be humble there.
- 2 The pow'rs of darkness rise  
But He's exalted still  
Between the cherubims He sits  
His mercies to fulfill.
- 3 In Zion is his throne,  
His honours are divine ;  
His church shall make his wonders known,  
For there his glories shine.



- 4 How wonderful, how great,  
How holy is his Name!  
How just and true are all his ways,  
From age to age the same!

## P S A L M C.

- 1 **W**ITH one consent, let all the earth  
Their tribute to Jehovah bring;  
Their homage pay with awful mirth,  
And songs of praise before Him sing.
- 2 Jehovah's God: 'tis He alone,  
Doth life and breath and all things give;  
We are his works and not our own,  
The sheep that on his pastures live.
- 3 O enter then his gates with joy,  
With praises to his courts repair,  
And make it your divine employ  
To pay your thanks and honours there.
- 4 For He's the Lord, supremely good,  
His mercy is for ever sure;  
His truth, which always firmly stood,  
To endless ages shall endure.

## P S A L M CII.

- 1 **I**T is the Lord our Saviour's hand  
Weakens our strength amidst the race;  
Disease and death at his command  
Arrest us, and cut short our days.
- 2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,  
Nor let our sun go down at noon;  
Thy years are one eternal day,  
And must thy children die so soon?
- 3 Yet in the midst of death and grief,  
This thought our sorrow shall assuage;  
"Our Father and our Saviour live;  
"Christ is the same thro' ev'ry age.

- 4 'Twas He this earth's foundation laid ;  
 Heav'n is the building of his hand ;  
 This earth grows old, these heav'ns shall fade,  
 And all be chang'd at his command.
- 5 The starry curtains of the sky,  
 Like garments shall be laid aside ;  
 But still thy throne stands firm and high ;  
 Thy church for ever must abide.
- 6 Before thy face, thy church shall live,  
 And on thy throne thy children reign ;  
 This dying world shall they survive,  
 And the dead saints be rais'd again.

## P S A L M CIII.

- 1 **M**Y soul inspir'd with sacred love ;  
 God's holy name for ever blefs ;  
 Of all his favours mindful prove,  
 And still thy grateful thanks express.
- 2 'Tis He that all thy sins forgives,  
 And after sickness makes thee sound ;  
 From danger he thy life retrieves,  
 By Him with grace and mercy crown'd.
- 3 The Lord abounds with tender love,  
 And unexampled acts of grace ;  
 His waken'd wrath doth slowly move,  
 His willing mercy flies apace.
- 4 God will not always harshly chide,  
 But with his anger quickly part ;  
 And loves his punishments to guide  
 More by his love than our desert.
- 5 As high as heav'n its arch extends  
 Above this little spot of clay ;  
 So much his boundless love transcends  
 The small respects that we can pay.
- 6 As far as 'tis from east to west,  
 So far has He our sins remov'd ;  
 Who with a fathers tender breast  
 Has such as fear Him always lov'd.

## P S A L M CV.

- 1 **W**HEN Israels tribes from bondage brought,  
Forsook the hated ground ;  
Each some Egyptian spoils had got,  
And not one feeble found.
- 2 The Lord himself chose out their way,  
And mark'd their journey right ;  
Gave them a leading cloud by day,  
A fiery guide by night.
- 3 They thirst ; and waters from the rock  
In rich abundance flow,  
And foll'wing still the course they took :  
Ran all the desert thro'.
- 4 O wond'rous stream ! O blessed type  
Of ever flowing grace !  
So Christ our rock maintains our life,  
Thro' all this wilderness.
- 5 Thus guarded by th' almighty hand  
The chosen tribes possess  
Canaan the rich, the promis'd land,  
And there enjoy'd their rest.
- 6 Then let the world forbear its rage,  
The Church renounce her fear :  
Isr'el must live thro' every age,  
And be th' Almighty's care.

## P S A L M CVI.

- 1 **O** RENDER thanks to God above,  
The fountain of eternal love :  
Whose mercy firm thro' ages past  
Has stood, and shall for ever last.
- 2 Who can his mighty deeds express,  
Not only vast but numberless ?  
What mortal eloquence can raise  
His tribute of immortal praise ?

- 3 Thy judgements and thy righteousness,  
 Shall those who keep and do them bless,  
 Such is thy Saints felicity,  
 And such, Lord, I desire to see.
- 4 O may I see thy tribes rejoice,  
 And aid their triumphs with my voice ;  
 This is my glory, Lord, to be,  
 Join'd to thy saints, and near to Thee.

## P S A L M CVII.

- 1 **F**ROM age to age exalt his Name,  
 God and his grace are still the same,  
 He fills the hungry soul with food,  
 And feeds the poor with ev'ry good.
- 2 But if their hearts rebel and rise  
 Against the God that rules the skies,  
 If they reject his heav'nly Word,  
 And slight the counsels of the Lord,
- 3 H'e'll bring their spirits to the ground,  
 And no deliv'rer shall be found ;  
 Laden with grief they waste their breath,  
 In darkness and the shades of death.
- 4 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,  
 He makes the dawning light arise,  
 And scatters all that dismal shade  
 That hung so heavy round their head.
- 5 He cuts the bars of brass in two,  
 And lets the smiling pris'ner thro' ;  
 Takes off the load of guilt and grief,  
 And gives the lab'ring soul relief.
- 6 O may the sons of men record  
 The wondrous goodness of the Lord !  
 How great his works ! how kind his ways,  
 Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.



## P S A L M CX.

- 1 **T**HE Lord unto my Lord thus spake,  
“ Till I thy foes thy footstool make,  
“ Sit thou in Kate at my right hand ;  
“ Supreme in Sion thou shall be,  
“ And all thy proud opposers see,  
“ Subjected to thy just command.
- 2 “ Thee, in thy pow’rs triumphant day,  
“ The willing nations shall obey ;  
“ And when thy rising beams they view,  
“ Shall all (redeem’d from errors night)  
“ Appear as numberless and bright,  
“ As chrystal drops of morning dew.
- 3 The Lord has sworn, nor sworn in vain,  
That, like Melchizedeck’s, thy reign  
And priesthood shall no period know ;  
No proud competitor to sit  
At thy right-hand will he permit ;  
But in his wrath e’en kings o’erthrow.
- 4 The sentenc’d heathen He shall slay,  
And fill with carcases the way,  
Till He has struck earth’s tyrants dead :  
To lowest state he first shall sink,  
Of sorrow’s brook on earth shall drink,  
And then in triumph lift his head.

## P S A L M CXI.

- 1 **S**ONGS of immortal praise belong,  
To my almighty God ;  
He has my heart and He my tongue,  
To spread his Name abroad.
- 2 How great the works his hands have wrought,  
How glorious in our sight !  
And men in ev’ry age have sought,  
His wonders with delight.

- 3 How most exact is nature's frame,  
 How wise th' eternal mind!  
 His counsels never change the scheme,  
 That his first thought design'd.
- 4 When he redeem'd his chosen Sons,  
 He fixt his cov'nant sure:  
 The orders that his lips pronounce,  
 To endless years endure.
- 5 Nature and time, and earth and skies,  
 Thy heav'nly skill proclaim;  
 What shall we do to make us wise,  
 But learn to read thy Name?
- 6 To fear thy pow'r, to trust thy grace,  
 Is our divinest skill;  
 And he's the wisest of our race,  
 That best obeys thy will.

## P S A L M CXIII.

- 1 **Y**E servants of th' Almighty King,  
 In ev'ry age his praises sing;  
 Where'er the sun shall rise or set,  
 The nations shall his praise repeat.
- 2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,  
 Stands his high throne of majesty;  
 Nor time, nor place his pow'r restrain,  
 Nor bound his universal reign.
- 3 Which of the sons of Adam dare,  
 Or angels with their God compare?  
 His glories how divinely bright,  
 Who dwells in uncreated light!
- 4 Behold his love, he stops to view  
 What Saints above and angels do;  
 And condescends yet more, to know,  
 The mean affairs of men below.
- 5 From dust and cottages obscure,  
 His grace exalts the humble poor;  
 Gives them the honour of his sons  
 And fits them for their heav'nly thrones.

## P S A L M CXVI.

- 1 **I** Love the Lord : he heard my cries,  
And pity'd ev'ry groan :  
Long as I live when troubles rise,  
I'll hasten to his throne.
- 2 I love the Lord : He bow'd his ear,  
And chas'd my griefs away :  
O let my heart no more despair  
While I have breath to pray !
- 3 My flesh declin'd, my spirits fell,  
And I drew near the dead ;  
While inward pangs and fear of hell  
Perplex'd my wakeful head.
- 4 My God, I cry'd, thy servant save,  
" Thou ever good and just ;  
" Thy pow'r can rescue from the grave,  
" Thy pow'r is all my trust."
- 5 The Lord beheld me sore distress'd,  
He bid my pains remove :  
Return my soul to God, thy rest,  
For thou hast known his love.
- 6 My God has sav'd my soul from death,  
And dry'd my falling tears ;  
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,  
And my remaining years.

## P S A L M CXVII.

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,  
Let the Creator's praise arise ;  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,  
Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies Lord ;  
Eternal truth attends thy word :  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

P S A L M CXVIII. *First Part.*

- 1 **O** PEN the gates of righteousness,  
There let thy servant go ;  
There let me, Lord, thy name address,  
Where all thy mercies flow.
- 2 Behold the sure foundation stone  
Which God in Zion lays,  
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,  
And his eternal praise.
- 3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,  
Reject it with disdain ;  
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,  
And envy rage in vain.
- 4 What though the gates of hell withstood,  
Yet must this building rise :  
'Tis thy own work, almighty God,  
And wond'rous in our eyes.

P S A L M CXVIII. *Second Part.*

- 1 **T** HIS is the day the Lord hath made,  
He calls the hours his own ;  
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To day He rose and left the dead,  
And satan's empire fell ;  
To day the saints his triumphs spread,  
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,  
To David's holy Son !  
Help us, O Lord ; descend and bring  
Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men  
With messages of grace,  
Who comes in God his Father's name,  
To save our sinful race.



- 5 Hofannah in the highest strains  
 The church on earth can raise ;  
 The highest heav'ns in which he reigns  
 Shall give Him noble praise.

## P S A L M CXIX.—33

- 1 **O** That the Lord would guide my ways  
 To keep his statutes still !  
 O that my God would grant me grace  
 To know and do his will !
- 2 O send thy spirit down to write  
 Thy law upon my heart ;  
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,  
 Nor act a lyar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes ;  
 Let no corrupt design,  
 Nor covetous desire arise  
 Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,  
 And make my heart sincere ;  
 Let sin have no dominion, Lord,  
 But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 My soul hath gone too far astray ;  
 My feet too often slip ;  
 Yet since I've not forgot thy way,  
 Restore thy wand'ring sheep.
- 6 Make me to walk in thy commands,  
 'Tis a delightful road ;  
 Nor let my head or heart or hands  
 Offend against my God.

## P S A L M CXXI.

- 1 **T**O heav'n I lift my waiting eyes,  
 There all my hopes are laid ;  
 The Lord who built the earth and skies,  
 Is my perpetual aid.

- 2 Their feet shall never slide or fall,  
Whom he designs to keep;  
His ear attends the softest call;  
His eyes can never sleep.
- 3 He will sustain our weakest pow'rs  
With his almighty arm,  
And watch our most unguarded hours  
Against impending harm.
- 4 Isr'el, rejoice, and rest secure,  
Thy keeper is the Lord;  
His wakeful eyes employ his pow'r  
For thine eternal guard.

## P S A L M CXXV.

- 1 **T**HOSE that do place their confidence  
Upon the Lord our God only,  
And flee to Him for their defence  
In all their need and misery,  
Their faith is sure still to endure,  
Grounded on Christ the corner stone;  
Mov'd with no ill, but standeth still,  
Stedfast like to the Mount Sion.
- 2 And as about Jerusalem  
The mighty ills do it compass,  
So that no foes can come to them  
To hurt that town in any case.  
So God indeed in ev'ry need,  
His faithful people doth defend,  
Standing by them assuredly  
From this time forth world without end.

## P S A L M CXXVI.

- 1 **W**HEN God reveal'd his gracious Name,  
And chang'd my mournful state,  
My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,  
The grace appear'd so great.

# P S A L M S.

- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,  
And did this hand confess;  
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,  
And sung surprising grace.
- 3 The Lord can clear the darkeſt ſkies,  
Can give us day for night;  
Make drops of ſacred ſorrow riſe  
To rivers of delight.
- 4 Let thoſe who ſow in darkneſs wait  
Till the fair harveſt come,  
They ſhall confeſs their ſheaves are great,  
And ſhout the bleſſings home.

## P S A L M CXXX.

- 1 **F**ROM loweſt depths of woe,  
To God I ſent my cry;  
Lord hear my ſupplicating voice,  
And graciously reply.
- 2 Should'ſt thou ſeverely judge,  
Who can the trial bear?  
But thou forgiv'ſt, leſt we deſpond,  
And quite renounce thy fear.
- 3 My ſoul with patience waits  
For Thee the living Lord;  
My hopes are on thy promiſe built,  
Thy never failing word.
- 4 My longing eyes look out  
For thy enliv'ning ray,  
More duly than the morning watch  
To ſpy the dawning day.
- 5 Let Iſr'el truſt in God;  
No bounds his mercy knows;  
The plenteous ſource and ſpring from whence,  
Eternal ſuccour flows.
- 6 Whoſe friendly ſtreams to us  
Supplies in want convey;  
A healing ſpring, a ſpring to cleanſe,  
And waſh our guilt away.

## P S A L M CXXXII.

- 1 **A**RISE, O King of grace arise,  
And enter into rest!  
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes,  
Thus to be own'd and blest.
- 2 Enter with all thy glorious train,  
Thy Spirit and thy Word:  
All that the ark did once contain,  
Could no such grace afford.
- 3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,  
Here let thy praise be spread,  
Bless the provisions of thy house,  
And fill thy poor with bread;
- 4 Here let the Son of David reign;  
Let God's anointed shine;  
Justice and truth his court maintain,  
With love and pow'r divine.
- 5 Here let him hold a lasting throne,  
And as his kingdom grows,  
Fresh honour shall adorn his crown,  
And shame confound his foes.

## P S A L M CXXXIII.

- 1 **L**O, what an entertaining sight  
Are Brethren that agree,  
Brethren, whose chearful hearts unite  
In bands of piety!
- 2 When streams of love from Christ the spring  
Descend to ev'ry soul,  
And heav'nly peace with balmy wing.  
Shades and bedews the whole:
- 3 'Tis like the oil divinely sweet,  
On Aaron's rev'rend head,  
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,  
And o'er his garments spread.



- 4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews  
That fall on Zion's hill,  
Where God his mildest glory shews,  
And makes his grace distill.

## P S A L M CXXXV.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, exalt his Name,  
While in his holy courts ye wait,  
Ye saints that to his house belong,  
Or stand attending at his gate.
- 2 Praise ye the Lord ; the Lord is good :  
To praise his Name is sweet employ ;  
Isr'el he chose of old and still,  
His church is his peculiar joy.
- 3 The Lord himself will judge his saints,  
He treats his servants as his friends ;  
And when he hears their sore complaints,  
Repents the sorrow that he sends.
- 4 Thro' ev'ry age the Lord declares,  
His name, and breaks th' oppressors rod,  
He gives his suff'ring servants rest,  
And will be known th' Almighty God.
- 5 Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love,  
People and priests exalt his Name :  
Amongst his saints he ever dwells,  
His church is his Jerusalem.

## P S A L M CXXXVIII.

- 1 **W**ITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue,  
I'll praise my Maker in my song ;  
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,  
Approve the song and join the praise.
- 2 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord ;  
I'll sing the wonders of thy word,  
Not all thy works and names below,  
So much thy pow'r and glory shew.

- 3 To God I cry'd when troubles rose,  
He heard me and subdu'd my foes,  
He did my rising fears controul,  
And strength diffus'd thro' all my soul.
- 4 The God of heav'n maintains his state,  
Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great,  
But from his throne descends to see,  
The sons of humble poverty.
- 5 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,  
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;  
Thy words my fainting soul revive,  
And keep my dying faith alive.
- 6 Grace will compleat what grace begins,  
To save from sorrows and from sins:  
The work that wisdom undertakes,  
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

## P S A L M CXXXIX.

- 1 **I**N all my vast concerns with Thee,  
In vain my soul would try  
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee  
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all surrounding sight surveys,  
My rising and my rest,  
My publick walks, my private ways,  
And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,  
Before they're form'd within;  
And ere my lips pronounce the word,  
He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high!  
Where can a creature hide?  
Within thy circling arms I lie,  
Beset on ev'ry side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,  
And like a bulwark prove,  
To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,  
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

- 6 Lord, where shall guilty souls retire,  
 Forgotten and unknown ?  
 In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,  
 In heav'n thy glorious throne.
- 7 Should I suppress my vital breath,  
 To scape the wrath divine,  
 Thy voice would break the bars of death,  
 And make the grave resign.
- 8 If, wing'd with beams of morning light,  
 I fly beyond the west,  
 Thy hand, which must support my flight,  
 Wou'd soon betray my rest.
- 9 If o'er my sins I think to draw,  
 The curtains of the night,  
 Those flaming eyes, that guard thy law,  
 Wou'd turn the shades to light.
- 10 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,  
 Are both alike to thee :  
 O may I ne'er provoke that pow'r,  
 From which I cannot flee.

## P S A L M CXLII.

- 1 **T**O God I made my sorrows known,  
 From God I sought relief ;  
 In long complaints before his throne,  
 I pour'd out all my grief.
- 2 My soul was overwhelm'd with woes,  
 My heart began to break ;  
 My God, who all my burdens knows,  
 He knows the way I take.
- 3 On ev'ry side I cast mine eye,  
 And found my helpers gone ;  
 While friends and strangers past me by,  
 Neglected or unknown.
- 4 Then did I raise a louder cry,  
 And call'd thy mercy near :  
 " Thou art my portion when I die,  
 " Be thou my refuge here.

- 5 From my sad prison set me free,  
 Then shall I praise thy name;  
 And holy men shall join with me,  
 Thy kindness to proclaim.

## P S A L M CXLIII.

- 1 **M**Y righteous Judge, my gracious God,  
 Hear when I spread my hands abroad,  
 And cry for succour from thy throne;  
 O make thy truth and mercy known!
- 2 Let judgment not against me pass;  
 Behold thy servant pleads thy grace:  
 Should justice call us to thy bar,  
 No man alive is guiltless there.
- 3 Look down in pity, Lord, and see  
 The mighty woes that burden me;  
 Down to the dust my life is brought,  
 Like me long buried and forgot.
- 4 I dwell in darkness and unseen;  
 My heart is desolate within;  
 My thoughts in musing silence trace  
 The ancient wonders of thy grace.
- 5 Thence I derive a glimpse of hope,  
 To bear my sinking spirits up;  
 I stretch my hands to God again,  
 And thirst like parched lands for rain.
- 6 For Thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn;  
 When will thy smiling face return?  
 Shall all my joys on earth remove,  
 And God for ever hide his love?
- 7 My God, thy long delay to save  
 Will sink thy pris'ner to the grave;  
 My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye;  
 Make haste to help before I die.
- 8 The night is witness to my tears,  
 Distressing pains, distressing fears;  
 O might I hear thy morning voice,  
 How would my weary'd powers rejoice!



- 9 In Thee I trust, to Thee I sigh,  
And lift my heavy soul on high;  
For Thee sit waiting all the day,  
And wear the tedious hours away.
- 10 Break off my fetters, Lord, and shew  
The path in which my feet should go;  
If snares and foes beset the road,  
I flee to hide me near my God.
- 11 Teach me to do thy holy will,  
And lead me to thy heav'nly hill;  
Let the good spirit of thy love,  
Conduct me to thy courts above.
- 12 Then shall my soul no more complain,  
The tempter then shall rage in vain;  
And flesh that was my foe before,  
Shall never vex my spirit more.

## P S A L M CXLIV.

- 1 **F**OR ever blessed be the Lord,  
My Saviour and my shield;  
He sends his spirit with his word,  
To arm me for the field.
- 2 When sin and hell their force unite,  
He makes my soul his care,  
Instructs me to the heav'nly fight,  
And guards me through the war.
- 3 A friend and helper so divine,  
Does my weak courage raise;  
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,  
And his shall be the praise.
- 4 Lord what is man, poor sinful man!  
Born of the earth at first!  
His life a shadow, light and vain,  
Still hast'ning to the dust.
- 5 O what is feeble dying man,  
Or any of his race!  
That God should make it his concern  
To visit him with grace!

- 6 That God, who darts his lightnings down,  
 Who shakes the worlds above,  
 And mountains tremble at his frown,  
 How wond'rous is his love!

## P S A L M CXLV.

- 1 **S**WEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,  
 My God, my heav'nly King!  
 Let age to age thy righteousness  
 In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines  
 His goodness to the skies;  
 Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines,  
 And every want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait  
 On Thee for daily food,  
 Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,  
 And fills their mouths with good.  
 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!  
 How slow thine anger moves!  
 How swiftly runs his healing word,  
 To cheer the souls he loves.
- 5 Creatures, with all their endless race,  
 Thy pow'r and praise proclaim;  
 But Saints that taste this richer grace,  
 Delight to bless thy Name.

## P S A L M CXLVI.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, my heart shall join  
 In works so pleasant, so divine;  
 Now while the flesh is mine abode,  
 And when my soul ascends to God.
- 2 Praise shall employ my noblest pow'rs,  
 While immortality endures:  
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
 While soul, and thought, and being last.

- 3 Why should I make a man my trust ?  
Princes must die and turn to dust ;  
Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r,  
And thoughts all vanish in an hour.
- 4 Happy the man, whose hopes rely  
On Israel's God ; He made the sky,  
And earth, and seas, with all their train ;  
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 5 His truth for ever stands secure,  
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor ;  
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,  
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.
- 6 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;  
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;  
He helps the stranger in distress,  
'The widow and the fatherless.
- 7 He loves his saints, he knows them well,  
But turns the wicked down to hell :  
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns ;  
Praise him in everlasting strains.

## P S A L M CXLVII.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord ; 'tis good to raise  
Our hearts and voices in his praise ;  
His nature, and his works invite,  
To make this duty our delight.
- 2 He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames,  
He counts their numbers, calls their names ;  
His wisdom's vast and knows no bound,  
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 3 Great is the Lord, and great his might,  
And all his glories infinite :  
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,  
And treads the wicked to the dust.
- 4 His saints are lovely in his sight,  
He views his children with delight :  
He sees their hopes, He knows their fear,  
He loves and keeps his image there.

- 5 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
 Praise him all creatures here below!  
 Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,  
 Praise FATHER, SON and HOLY GHOST.

PSALM CXLIX. To the Old 104th Tune.

- 1 **O** PRAISE ye the Lord,  
 Prepare your glad voice,  
 His praise in the great  
 Assembly to sing.  
 In our great Creator  
 Let Isr'el rejoice,  
 And children of Sion  
 Be glad in their King.
- 2 Let them his great Name  
 Extol in the dance;  
 With timbrel and harp  
 His praises express;  
 Who always takes pleasure  
 His saints to advance,  
 And with his salvation  
 The humble to bless.
- 3 With glory adorn'd  
 His people shall sing  
 To God, who their beds  
 With safety does shield;  
 Their mouths fill'd with praises  
 Of Him their great King;  
 Whilst a two-edged sword  
 Their right-hand shall weild.
- 4 Just vengeance to take  
 For injuries past;  
 To punish those lands  
 For ruin design'd;  
 With chains, as their captives,  
 To tie their Kings fast,  
 With fetters of iron  
 Their nobles to bind.



- 5 Thus shall they make good,  
 When them they destroy,  
 The dreadful decree  
 Which God does proclaim ;  
 Such honour and triumph  
 His saints shall enjoy,  
 O therefore for ever  
 Exalt his great Name.

## P S A L M CL.

- 1 **O** PRAISE the Lord in that blest place,  
 From whence his goodness largely flows,  
 Praise Him in heav'n, where He his face  
 Unveil'd in perfect glory shews.
- 2 Praise Him for all the mighty acts,  
 Which He in our behalf has done ;  
 His kindness this return exacts,  
 With which our praise should equal run.
- 3 Let the shrill trumpets warlike voice,  
 Make rocks and hills his praise rebound ;  
 Praise Him with harp's melodious noise,  
 And gentle psalt'ry's silver sound.
- 4 Let virgin troops soft timbrels bring,  
 And some with graceful motion dance,  
 Let instruments of various strings  
 With organs join'd, his praise advance.
- 5 Let them who joyful hymns compose,  
 To cymbals set their songs of praise ;  
 Cymbals of common use, and those  
 That loudly sound on solemn days.
- 6 Let all that vital breath enjoy,  
 The breath He does to them afford,  
 In just returns of praise employ ;  
 Let ev'ry creature praise the Lord.

## DOXOLOGYS.

**N**OW to the great and sacred Three,  
 The Father, Son, and Spirit be  
 Eternal praise and glory giv'n,  
 Thro' all the worlds where God is known,  
 By all the angels near the throne,  
 And all the saints in earth and heav'n.

## A N O T H E R.

**T**O praise the Father and the Son,  
 And Spirit all divine,  
 The One in Three and Three in One,  
 Let saints and angels join.

## A N O T H E R.

**P**RAISE God from whom all blessings flow,  
 Praise Him all creatures here below,  
 Praise Him above ye heav'nly host;  
 Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

## A N O T H E R.

**T**O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 One God whom we adore,  
 Be glory as it was is now,  
 And shall be evermore.

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# H Y M N S

## F O R

### P U B L I C   W O R S H I P.

## H Y M N I.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour calls—let ev'ry ear  
Attend the heav'nly sound ;  
Let ev'ry trembling soul appear,  
Where faith and hope abound.
- 2 Where grace in streams salubrious flows,  
To search the depths of sin ;  
To heal the godly mourners' woes,  
And make them pure within.
- 3 Where Jesus, source of ev'ry good,  
Displays his wond'rous name ;  
Records the shedding of his blood,  
And bids it flow the same.
- 4 Where the eternal Spirit waits  
The sons of God to fill,  
And teach them within Sion's gates,  
Their heav'nly Father's will.
- 5 Father, whose bosom teem'd with grace,  
And gave thine only Son,  
To snatch from death a fallen race,  
And raise them to thy throne ;

- 6 The spirit of thy Son impart,  
 Enforce his gospel call;  
 Be *Abba* cried in ev'ry heart,  
 Be Jesus all in all.

## H Y M N II.

- 1 **T**HOU hidden love of God, whose height,  
 Depth, length and breadth all saints admire,  
 I see from far thy beauteous light,  
 To comprehend Thee I aspire;  
 My heart is mov'd, nor can it be  
 At rest, until it rests in Thee.
- 2 Is there a thing beneath the sun,  
 That strives with Thee my heart to share?  
 Ah tear it thence, and reign alone,  
 The Lord of ev'ry motion there:  
 Then shall my heart indeed be free,  
 When it has found repose in Thee.
- 3 O wean me from myself, that I  
 No more, but Christ may in me live;  
 My vile affections crucify,  
 Nor let one fleshly lust survive.  
 In all things may I nothing see,  
 Nothing desire or seek but Thee.
- 4 Each moment draw from earth away  
 My heart, that waits thy call divine,  
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say,  
 I am the living God and thine.  
 To feel thy pow'r to hear thy voice,  
 To taste thy love, be all my choice.

## H Y M N III.

- 1 **O** COME, thou wounded Lamb of God!  
 Come wash us in thy cleansing blood;  
 Give us to know thy love, then pain  
 Is sweet, and life or death is gain.



- 2 How can it be, thou Heav'nly King,  
That thou should'st man to glory bring;  
Make slaves the part'ners of thy throne,  
And give them an unsfading crown!
- 3 Ah, Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,  
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought;  
Unloose our flamm'ring tongues to tell  
Thy love, immense, unsearchable.
- 4 Expand our hearts, but let them be  
For ever clos'd to all but Thee;  
Our spirits with thy spirit seal,  
And there thy glorious self reveal.
- 5 First born of many brethren, Thou!  
To Thee both earth and heav'n must bow;  
Then come and in us solely reign,  
To live be Christ, to die be gain.

## H Y M N IV.

1. **A**ND will the Lord thus condescend:  
To visit sinful worms?  
Thus at the door shall mercy stand,  
In all her winning forms?
2. Amazing grace! and shall my heart  
Unmov'd and cold remain?  
Has this hard rock no tender part?  
Must mercy plead in vain?
- 3 Shall Jesus for admission sue,  
His charming voice unheard?  
And this vile heart, his rightful due,  
Remain for ever barr'd?
- 4 Satan, alas! with tyrant pow'r  
The lodging hath possess'd;  
And legions watch, to keep the door  
Against the heav'nly guest.

- 5 But, Lord, exert thy conqu'ring grace,  
 Thy saving might display;  
 One beam of glory from thy face  
 Can drive my foes away.

## H Y M N V.

- 1 **A**ND is it yet, great Lord, a doubt  
 If in my breast Thou reign'st alone?  
 O find the lurking rival out,  
 And drag the traitor from the throne.
- 2 Would earth's delusive trifling charms  
 Assume a pow'r above thy name?  
 Stab each usurper in my arms,  
 And vindicate thy rightful claim.
- 3 By purchase, duty, ev'ry tie,  
 Yea choice itself, Lord, I am thine;  
 Maintain thy right, or let me die,  
 Lest from thy love my soul decline.
- 4 If my unsteady heart would rove,  
 (And well thou know'st its treach'rous frame)  
 If ought below or ought above  
 Would share or quench the sacred flame.
- 5 Chase the curs'd object from my soul,  
 Thence thence the twining mischief tear;  
 Reign, Thou, the sov'reign of the whole,  
 Be Lord of ev'ry motion there.

## H Y M N VI.

- 1 **T**HOU only sov'reign of my heart,  
 My refuge, my Almighty Friend;  
 And can my soul from Thee depart,  
 On whom alone my hopes depend?
- 2 Whither, ah whither, shall I go,  
 A wretched wand'rer from my Lord?  
 Can this dark world of sin and woe  
 One glimpse of happiness afford?

- 3 Eternal life thy words impart,  
On Thee my fainting spirit lives ;  
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,  
Than all the round of nature gives.
- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine,  
While Thou art near in vain they call ;  
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,  
Almighty Lord, outweighs them all.
- 5 Low at thy feet my soul would lie,  
To hear and mark thy words divine ;  
O let me live beneath thine eye,  
For life, eternal life is thine.

## H Y M N VII.

- 1 **F**ATHER of Mercies, in thy word  
What endless glories shines !  
For ever be thy name ador'd  
For these celestial lines :
- 2 Lines, which thy shad'wy pencil drew,  
That dark deceived man  
Thine image lost again might view,  
Thy lost perfections scan.
- 3 Here, as from salvation's well,  
The springs of comfort rise ;  
That they, who've drank the depths of hell,  
Of life may draw supplies.
- 4 Here from the all-creating Lord,  
The rich repast is giv'n ;  
Jesus, the soul's restoring word,  
Jesus, the bread of heav'n.
- 5 Hungry and thirsty here repair,  
Here life and strength renew ;  
And borne on wings of faith and pray'r,  
Your heav'n-ward flight pursue.

## H Y M N VIII.

- 1 **H**OW heavy is the night,  
That hangs upon our eyes,  
Till Christ with his reviving light  
Upon our souls arise ?
- 2 Our guilty spirits dread  
To meet the wrath of heav'n ;  
But in his righteousness array'd,  
We see our sins forgiv'n.
- 3 Unholy and impure  
Is all the human race ;  
His hands infected nature cure  
With sanctifying grace.
- 4 The pow'rs of hell agree  
To hold our souls in vain ;  
He sets the sons of bondage free,  
And breaks the cursed chain.
- 5 Lord we adore thy ways  
To bring us near to God ;  
Thy sov'reign pow'r, thy healing grace,  
And thine atoning blood.

## H Y M N IX.

- 1 **B**URY'D in shadows of the night,  
We lie, till Christ restores the light,  
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,  
And chase the darkness of the mind.
- 2 Lost souls are fill'd with guilt and fears  
Till the atoning blood appears ;  
Then they are freed from deep distress,  
And sing the LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.
- 3 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,  
Binding his slaves with heavy chains :  
He sets the pris'ner free, and breaks  
The iron bondage from our necks.



- 4 Poor helpless worms in Thee possess  
 Grace, wisdom, pow'r, and righteousness ;  
 Thou art our mighty All, may we  
 Give our whole selves, O Lord, to Thee.

## H Y M N. X.

- 1 **L**ORD, how mysterious are thy ways !  
 How blind are we, how mean our praise !  
 Thy steps can mortal eyes explore ?  
 Tis our's to wonder and adore.
- 2 Thy deep decrees from creatures sight  
 Are hid in shades of awful night ?  
 Amid the lines with curious eye  
 Not angel-minds presume to pry.
- 3 Great God ! I would not ask to see  
 What in futurity shall be ;  
 If light and bliss attend my days,  
 Then let my future hours be praise.
- 4 Is darkness and distress my share ?  
 Then let me trust thy guardian care ;  
 Enough for me, if love divine  
 At length through ev'ry cloud shall shine.
- 5 Yet this my soul desires to know,  
 Be this my only wish below ;  
 " That Christ is mine"—this great request  
 Grant, bounteous God, and I am blest.

## H Y M N XI.

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way,  
 His wonders to perform ;  
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
 And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
 Of never failing skill,  
 He treasures up his bright designs  
 And works his sov'reign will.

- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,  
The clouds, ye so much dread,  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for his grace ;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding ev'ry hour ;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flow'r.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain ;  
God is his own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.

## H Y M N XII.

- 1 **T**HE great Jehovah reigns  
Upon a throne sublime ;  
And from his own eternity  
Sees the wide wastes of time.
- 2 This great Jehovah's mine,  
The saint in rapture cries ;  
And to this everlasting rock  
My joyful spirit flies.
- 3 From this eternal spring  
Immense salvation flows ;  
And with the wonders of his love  
My grateful bosom glows.
- 4 His name shall be my song,  
While life and breath are giv'n ;  
And his unceasing praise shall run  
Through all the days of heav'n.

## H Y M N XIII.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, the Lord is king,  
Your God and king adore ;  
Mortals give thanks and sing,  
And triumph evermore :  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns  
The God of truth and love ;  
When he had purg'd our stains,  
He took his seat above :  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,  
He rules o'er earth and heav'n ;  
The keys of death and hell  
Are to our Jesus giv'n.  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 4 He sits at God's right hand,  
Till all his foes submit,  
And bow to his command,  
And fall beneath his feet ;  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 5 He Satan shall repell,  
He sin and death destroy,  
And make our bosoms swell  
With pure seraphic joy.  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

- 6 Rejoice in glorious hope,  
 Jesus, the Judge, shall come ;  
 And take his servants up  
 To their eternal home.  
 We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,  
 The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

## H Y M N XIV.

- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
 My rising soul surveys,  
 Transported with the view, I'm lost  
 In wonder, love and praise.
- 2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,  
 And all my wants redrest,  
 When in the silent womb I lay,  
 And hung upon the breast.
- 3 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul  
 Thy tender care bestow'd,  
 Before my infant-heart conceiv'd,  
 From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 4 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth  
 With heedless steps I ran ;  
 Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,  
 And led me on to man.
- 5 When worn by sickness oft hast Thou  
 With health renew'd my face ;  
 And when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
 Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 6 Through ev'ry period of my life  
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;  
 And after death in distant worlds  
 The glorious theme renew.
- 7 Through all eternity to Thee  
 A joyful song I'll raise ;  
 And O ! eternity's too short  
 To utter all thy praise.



## H Y M N XV.

- 1 **N**OW begin the heav'nly theme,  
Sing aloud in Jesu's name;  
Ye, who Jesu's kindness prove,  
'Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace  
Beaming in the Saviour's face;  
As to Canaan on ye move,  
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls refrain from tears,  
Trembling hearts repress your fears,  
See your guilt and curse remove,  
Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, who long too long have been  
Led by Satan, slaves of sin;  
Now from bliss no longer rove,  
Stop, and taste redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome, all by sin oppress'd,  
Welcome all to Jesus Christ;  
Nothing brought Him from above,  
Nothing, but redeeming love.
- 6 He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,  
His insulting foes and ours;  
He them from their empire drove,  
Mighty in redeeming love.
- 7 Hither then your music bring,  
Strike the lyre's harmonious string;  
Men below and hosts above  
Join to praise redeeming love.

## H Y M N XVI.

- 1 **L**ORD, what a country waste and wild  
Is this our earth become,  
To ev'ry heav'n-instructed child,  
Who seeks his Father's home!

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- 2 Here thorns, as on a cursed ground,  
And pois'nous thistles grow ;  
And rav'ning wolves their nightly round,  
With step destructive go.
- 3 Here Satan prowls his winding way,  
And watches ev'ry hour,  
As lion greedy of his prey,  
Impatient to devour.
- 4 Yet here, almighty Lord, thy hand  
Hath rais'd the heav'nly road :  
Obedient to thy great command,  
We seek thy face, O God.
- 5 But O ! assist our feeble fight,  
Our languid strength renew ;  
O guide and guard us day and night,  
Until Thyself we view.
- 6 There in eternal light to dwell,  
From sin and sorrow free ;  
There, Jesu, wondrous Name ! to tell,  
How much we owe to Thee.

## H Y M N XVII.

- 1 **W**ORLD adieu ! thou real cheat,  
Oft have thy deceitful charms  
Filled my heart with fond conceit,  
Foolish hopes and false alarms :  
Now I see, as clear as day,  
How thy follies pass away.
- 2 Vain thy entertaining sights,  
False thy promises renew'd,  
All the pomp of thy delights  
Does but flatter and delude :  
Thee I quit for heav'n above,  
Object of the noblest love.

- 3 Farewell, honour's empty pride,  
 Thy own nice uncertain gulf,  
 If the least mischance betide,  
 Lays thee lower than the dust :  
 Worldly honours end in gall,  
 Rise to day to-morrow fall.
- 4 Foolish vanity—farewell—  
 More inconstant than the wave,  
 Where thy soothing fancies dwell,  
 Purest tempers they deprave :  
 He, to whom I fly from thee,  
 Jesus Christ shall set me free.
- 5 Let not, Lord, my wand'ring mind  
 Follow after fleeting toys,  
 Since in Thee alone I find  
 Solid and substantial joys ;  
 Joys that never over—past  
 Through eternity shall last.
- 6 Lord ! how happy is a heart,  
 After Thee while it aspires !  
 True and faithful as Thou art,  
 Thou shalt answer it's desires,  
 It shall see the glorious scene  
 Of thine everlasting reign.

## H Y M N XVIII.

- 1 **I**N this world of sin and sorrow,  
 Compass'd round with many a care,  
 From eternity we borrow  
 Hope, which may exclude despair :  
 Thee, triumphant God and Saviour,  
 Darkly through a glass we see :  
 O assist each faint endeavour  
 Raise our earth-born souls to Thee.
- 2 Place that awful scene before us  
 Of the last tremendous day,  
 When to life thou wilt restore us,  
 Ling'ring ages, haste away !

Then this vile and sinful nature  
 Incorruption shall put on ;  
 Life renewing, glorious Saviour !  
 Let thy gracious will be done.

## H Y M N XIX.

- 1 **H**OW sad our state by nature is !  
 Our sin how deep it stains !  
 How Satan tries to keep our souls,  
 In everlasting chains !
- 2 But from the mouth of sovereign grace  
 Is gone th' almighty word,  
 Which saith to pris'ners, come ye forth,  
 And trust upon the Lord.
- 3 O may we hear the call divine,  
 And run to this relief !  
 We would believe thy promise, Lord,  
 O help our unbelief.
- † To the blest fountain of thy blood  
 Teach us, O Lord, to fly ;  
 There may we wash our filthy souls,  
 And drink and never die.
- 5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,  
 Our reigning sins subdue ;  
 Drive the old dragon from his seat,  
 With his infernal crew.
- 6 Poor, guilty, weak, and helpless worms,  
 Into thine hands we fall ;  
 Be, Thou, our strength and righteousness,  
 Our Jesus and our all.

## H Y M N XX.

- 1 **F**ATHER how wide thy glory shines !  
 How high thy wonders rise !  
 Known through the earth by thousand signs,  
 By thousand through the skies.



- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,  
 Their motions speak thy skill;  
 And on the wings of ev'ry hour  
 We read thy patience still.
- 3 But when we view thy great design,  
 To save rebellious worms;  
 Where vengeance and compassion join  
 In their divinest forms;
- 4 Here the whole Deity is known,  
 Nor dares a creature guess,  
 Which of the glories brightest shone,  
 The justice or the grace.
- 5 Now the full glories of the LAMB  
 Adorn the heav'nly plains,  
 Bright Seraphs learn IMMANUEL's Name,  
 And try their choicest strains.
- 6 O may I bear some humble part  
 In that immortal song:  
 Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,  
 And love command my tongue.

## H Y M N XXI.

- 1 **L**OVE divine, all love excelling,  
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down,  
 Fix in us thine humble dwelling,  
 All thy faithful mercies crown!  
 Jesu, Thou art all compassion,  
 Pure, unbounded love Thou art!  
 Visit us with thy salvation,  
 Enter ev'ry trembling heart.
- 2 Come, almighty, to deliver,  
 Let us all thy grace receive;  
 Suddenly return, and never,  
 Never more thy temples leave:  
 Thee we would be always blessing,  
 Serve Thee as thy hosts above,  
 Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,  
 Glory in thy precious love.

- 3 Finish then thy new creation,  
 Pure unspotted may we be,  
 Let us see thy great salvation,  
 Perfectly restor'd by Thee :  
 Chang'd from glory into glory,  
 Till in heav'n we take our place ;  
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.

## H Y M N XXII.

- 1 **H**APPY the heart, where graces reign,  
 Where love inspires the breath ;  
 Love is the brightest of the train,  
 And perfects all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,  
 And all in vain our fear :  
 Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,  
 If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our willing feet  
 In swift obedience move ;  
 The devils know and tremble too,  
 But Satan cannot love.
- 4 This is the grace, that lives and sings,  
 When faith and hope shall cease ;  
 'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings  
 In the sweet realms of bliss.
- 5 When join'd to that harmonious throng,  
 That fills the choirs above,  
 Then shall we tune our golden harps,  
 And ev'ry note be love.

## H Y M N XXIII.

- 1 **C**OME, Thou fount of ev'ry blessing,  
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;  
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
 Call for songs of loudest praise.

Fill me from thy heav'nly fullness,  
 Brought by Jesus from above,  
 Raise me from my earthly dullness,  
 Raise me to the mount of love.

- 2 Here, upon the rock of ages  
 Fix'd, Jehovah's face I view ;  
 Here upon inspired pages  
 Feeding, I my strength renew :  
 Here I'll sing, how Jesus fought me,  
 Wand'ring from the fold of God ;  
 Slave to sin, how Jesus bought me,  
 Bought me with his precious blood.  
 O! to grace how great a debtor,  
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be !  
 Let that grace now, like a fetter,  
 Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee ;  
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
 Prone to leave the God I love——  
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it,  
 Seal it from thy courts above.

## H Y M N XXIV.

- 1 **S**ON of God, thy blessing grant,  
 Still supply my ev'ry want ;  
 Tree of life, thine influence shed,  
 With thy sap my spirit feed.
- 2 Tend'rest branch, alas ! am I !  
 Wither without Thee and die :  
 Weak as helpless infancy,  
 O confirm my soul in Thee.
- 3 Unsustain'd by Thee I fall,  
 Send the strength for which I call;  
 Weaker than a bruised reed,  
 Help I ev'ry moment need.
- 4 All my hopes on Thee depend,  
 Love me, save me, to the end ;  
 Give me thy continuing grace,  
 Take the everlasting praise.

## H Y M N XXV.

- 1 **P** LUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair,  
     We wretched sinners lay,  
 Without one chearful beam of hope,  
     Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Peace  
     Beheld our helpless grief;  
 He saw—and (O amazing love!)  
     He came to our relief.
- 3 Down from his glorious seat above  
     On wings of wind He fled;  
 Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,  
     And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 O for this love let rocks and hills  
     Their lasting silence break;  
 And all harmonious human tongues  
     The Saviour's praises speak.
- 5 Angels assist our mighty joys,  
     Strike all your harps of gold;  
 But when you raise your highest notes,  
     His love can ne'er be told.

## H Y M N XXVI.

- 1 **R** AISE your triumphant songs  
     To an immortal tune;  
 Let the wide earth resound the deeds,  
     Celestial grace hath done.
- 2 Sing how eternal love  
     Its chief beloved chase,  
 And bid Him raise our wretched race  
     From their abyfs of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,  
     No terror clouds his brow;  
 No bolts to drive our guilty souls  
     To fiercer flames below.



- 4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,  
And wrath stood silent by,  
When Christ was sent with pardons down,  
To rebels doom'd to die.
- 5 Now sinners dry your tears,  
Let hopeless sorrows cease,  
Bow to the sceptre of his love,  
And take the offer'd peace.
- 6 May we obey the call,  
And lay an humble claim  
To the salvation, he hath brought;  
And love and praise his name.

## H Y M N XXVII.

- 1 **O**F Him who did salvation bring,  
Lord, may I ever think and sing!  
Arise, ye guilty, He'll forgive,  
Arise, ye needy, He'll relieve.
- 2 Eternal Lord, Almighty King,  
All heav'n doth with thy triumphs ring;  
Thou conquer'st all, beneath, above,  
Devils with force and men with love.
- 3 To purge our sins Christ shed his blood,  
He died to bring us near to God;  
Let all the world fall down, and know,  
That none but God such love could show.

## H Y M N XXVIII.

- 1 **S**ALVATION! O the joyful sound!  
What pleasure to our ears!  
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,  
A cordial for our fears!
- 2 Salvation! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around;  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.

- 3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb,  
 To Thee the praise belongs;  
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,  
 And dwell upon our tongues.

## H Y M N XXIX.

- T**HOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb!  
 We love to hear of Thee;  
 No music like thy charming name,  
 Nor half so sweet can be:  
 O let us ever hear thy voice,  
 In mercy to us speak;  
 Let us in Thee our Priest rejoice,  
 Thou great MELCHISEDEC.
- 2 Our JESUS shall be still our theme,  
 While in this world we stay;  
 We'll sing our JESU's holy name,  
 When all things else decay.  
 When we appear in yonder cloud  
 With all his favour'd throng,  
 Then will we sing more sweet more loud,  
 And Christ shall be our song.

## H Y M N XXX.

- 1 **J**ESU, lover of my soul,  
 Let me to thy bosom fly,  
 While the nearer waters roll,  
 While the tempest still is high;  
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
 'Till the storm of life is past;  
 Safe into the haven guide,  
 O receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none,  
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
 Leave, ah, leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me.

All my trust on Thee is stay'd,  
 All mine help from Thee I bring,  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of thy wing.

- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,  
 More than all in Thee I find;  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick and lead the blind.  
 Just and holy is thy name;  
 I am all unrighteousness;  
 Vile and full of sin I am,  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
 Grace to pardon all my sin;  
 Let the healing streams abound,  
 Make and keep me pure within:  
 Thou of life the fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of Thee,  
 Spring Thou up within my heart,  
 Rise to all eternity.

## H Y M N XXXI.

- 1 **H**OW empty was our former boast,  
 Our foolishness of pride,  
 When in ourselves we put our trust,  
 And on our works rely'd!
- 2 Strong in the freedom of our will,  
 Firm in our nature's pow'rs,  
 We thought to gain the heav'nly hill,  
 And seize the crown as ours.
- 3 Our good desires, our hearts sincere,  
 Our best endeavours stood,  
 T' atone for our transgressions here,  
 In place of Jesu's blood.
- 4 Alas for us we knew not then  
 Nor sin nor righteousness;  
 Nor what it cost, the souls of men  
 From bondage to release.

- 5 Now we adore the Father's love,  
His only Son which gave,  
And taught by grace, we live to prove,  
That grace alone can save.
- 6 We own, that Jesus bore our curse  
Himself upon the tree ;  
O, in our hearts this truth rehearse,  
'That we may live to Thee.

## H Y M N XXXII.

- 1 **W**HEN rising from the bed of death,  
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,  
I see my Maker, face to face,  
O how shall I appear !
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,  
And mercy may be sought,  
My heart with inward horror shrinks,  
And trembles at the thought ;
- 3 When Thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd  
In Majesty severe,  
And sit in judgment on my soul,  
O how shall I appear !
- 4 But Thou hast told the troubled soul,  
Who does her sins lament,  
Of one, who suffer'd unto death,  
Her suff'rings to prevent.
- 5 Then see the sorrow of my heart,  
Ere yet it be too late ;  
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,  
To give those sorrows weight.
- 6 For never shall my soul despair  
Her pardon to procure,  
Who knows thy only Son has dy'd  
To make her pardon sure.



## H Y M N XXXIII.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH, JESUS glorious name!  
Name pregnant with delight!  
It scatters round a cheerful beam,  
To guild the darkest night.
- 2 What, though our mortal comforts die,  
And drop like with'ring flow'rs?  
Nor time nor death can break that tie,  
Which makes Jehovah ours.
- 3 What though our faith be tried and tofs'd,  
Though changeable our frame,  
JEHOVAH, JESUS is our boast,  
And JESUS is the same.
- 4 Great God, the cov'nant of thy love  
Abides for ever sure;  
And in its matchless grace we prove  
Our happiness secure.

## H Y M N XXXIV.

- 1 **O** Happy souls, that live on high,  
While men lie grov'ling here;  
Their hopes are fix'd above the sky,  
And faith forbids their fear.
- 2 Their conscience knows no secret stings,  
While grace and peace combine,  
To form a life, whose holy springs  
Are hidden and divine.
- 3 Their pleasures rise from things unseen,  
Beyond this world and time;  
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,  
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.
- 4 They want no pomp, nor royal throne,  
To raise their honours here,  
Content to live and die unknown,  
'Till Christ their life appear.

- 5 They look to heav'n's eternal height,  
And hasten to the day,  
When Jesus to their ravish'd sight,  
His glory shall display.

## H Y M N XXXV.

- 1 **W**HAT shall the dying sinner do,  
That seeks relief for all his woe?  
Where shall the guilty conscience find  
Ease for the torment of the mind?
- 2 How shall we get our crimes forgiv'n,  
Or form our natures fit for heav'n?  
Can souls all o'er defil'd with sin,  
Make their own pow'rs and passions clean?
- 3 In vain we search, in vain we try,  
'Till Jesus brings his Gospel nigh!  
'Tis there we feel th' Almighty breath,  
By which we pass to life from death.
- 4 'Tis there that God puts forth his pow'r,  
To save us in the evil hour;  
We read the Grace, we trust the Word,  
And find salvation in the Lord.
- 5 Let worldly wisdom dig the mines,  
Where nature's golden treasure shines,  
Brought near the doctrine of the cross,  
All nature's gold appears but dross.
- 6 Should vile blasphemers with disdain  
Pronounce the truths of Jesus vain,  
We'll meet the scandal and the shame,  
And sing and triumph in his name.

## H Y M N XXXVI.

- 1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet,  
Who stand on Sion's hill!  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal!

2 How

- 2 How charming is their voice,  
How glad their tidings are!  
Sion, behold thy Saviour King!  
He reigns and triumphs here.
- 3 How happy are our eyes,  
That see this heav'nly light!  
Prophets and Kings desir'd it long,  
But died without the fight.
- 4 How happy are our ears  
That hear this joyful sound!  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought but never found.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,  
And sweetest notes employ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs;  
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm  
Wide through the earth abroad;  
Let ev'ry nation now behold  
Their Saviour and their God.

## H Y M N XXXVII.

- 1 **D**EAD be my heart to all below,  
To mortal joys and mortal cares;  
To sensual blifs, that charms us so,  
Be dark my eyes, be deaf my ears.
- 2 Here I renounce my carnal taste  
Of the fair fruits that sinners prize;  
Their paradise shall never waste  
One thought of mine, but to despise.
- 3 All earthly joys are overweigh'd  
With mountains of vexatious care;  
And where's the sweet, that is not laid  
A bait to some destructive snare?

- 5 Be gone for ever, mortal things,  
 Thou mighty molehill, Earth, farewell!  
 Angels aspire on lofty wings,  
 And leave the globe for ants to dwell.
- 5 Come heav'n, and fill my vast desires,  
 My soul pursues the sov'reign good,  
 She was all made of heav'nly fires,  
 Nor can she live on meaner food.

## H Y M N XXXVIII.

- 1 **W**HAT though my frail eyelids refuse  
 Continual watchings to keep,  
 And punctual as midnight renews,  
 Demand the refreshment of sleep;  
 A sov'reign protector I have,  
 Unseen, yet for ever at hand;  
 Unchangeably faithful to save,  
 Almighty to rule and command.
- 2 From evil secure and its dread  
 I rest, if my Saviour is nigh,  
 And songs his kind presence indeed  
 Shall in the night season supply;  
 He smiles, and my comforts abound,  
 His grace as the dew shall descend,  
 And walls of salvation surround  
 The soul, He delights to defend.
- 3 Kind author and ground of my hope,  
 Thee, Thee for my God I avow;  
 My glad *Ebenzer* set up,  
 And own thou hast help'd me till now:  
 I muse on the years that are past,  
 Wherein my defence thou hast prov'd;  
 Nor wilt thou relinquish at last  
 A sinner so signally lov'd.



- 4 Inspirer and hearer of pray'r,  
 Thou feeder and guardian of thine,  
 My all to thy covenant care,  
 I, sleeping and waking resign.  
 If Thou art my shield and my sun,  
 The night is no darkness to me,  
 And, fast as the moments roll on,  
 They bring me but nearer to Thee.
- 5 Thy minist'ring spirits descend,  
 To watch, while thy saints are asleep,  
 By day and by night they attend,  
 The heirs of Salvation to keep;  
 Bright seraphs, dispatch'd from the throne,  
 Repair to their stations assign'd;  
 And Angels elect are sent down  
 To guard the elect of mankind.
- 6 Thy worship no interval knows,  
 Their fervor is still on the wing,  
 And while they protect my repose,  
 They chaunt to the praise of my King;  
 I too, at the season ordain'd,  
 Their chorus for ever shall join,  
 And love and adore without end  
 Their faithful Creator and mine.

H Y M N XXXIX. *Isaiah xlix, 15.*

- 1 **W**HEN hanging on the mother's breast  
 The infant weary seeks its rest,  
 Or hungry claims its food;  
 Can she, whom nature prompts to love,  
 Forgetfull of her suckling prove,  
 And not supply her brood?
- 2 Frail nature may her charge decline;  
 But everlasting love is mine,  
 Saith God, who cannot lie;  
 For ever graven on my hands  
 My church in full acceptance stands,  
 And grows beneath mine eye.

- 3 Myself will build and guard her walls,  
 Myself attend to all her calls,  
     And all her cares remove;  
 To Her the hearts of Kings I'll turn,  
 And cause the breasts of Queens to burn  
     With all a mother's love.
- 4 Know then, that I, JEHOVAH, claim  
 The sov'reign glory of my name,  
     And guard my firm decree:  
 Nor end nor change my mercies know,  
 In one perpetual stream they flow  
     To them who wait for me.

## H Y M N XL.

- 1 **H**OW oft have sin and satan strove  
 To rend my soul from Thee, my God?  
 But everlasting is thy love,  
 And Jesus seals it with his blood.
- 2 The oath and promise of the Lord,  
 Join to confirm the wondrous grace;  
 Eternal pow'r performs the word,  
 And fills all heav'n with endless praise.
- 3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,  
 My soul to this same refuge flies;  
 Hope is my anchor firm and strong,  
 While tempests flow and billows rise.
- 4 The Gospel bears my spirits up;  
 A faithful and unchanging God  
 Lays the foundation for my hope  
 In oaths and promises and blood.

## H Y M N XLI.

- 1 **C**OME let us join our chearful songs  
 With angels round the throne;  
 Ten thousand thousand are their songs,  
 But all their joys are one.

- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died" they cry,  
 "To be exalted thus"  
 "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
 "For he was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
 Honour and pow'r divine,  
 And blessings more than we can give  
 Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
 And air and earth and seas,  
 Conspire to list thy glories high,  
 And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one  
 To bless the sacred name,  
 Of God who sits upon the throne  
 And his co-equal Lamb.

## H Y M N XLII.

- 1 **W**HAT equal honours shall we bring  
 To Thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,  
 When all the notes that angels sing,  
 Are far inferior to thy name?
- 2 Worthy is He that once was slain,  
 The Prince of Peace that groan'd and died,  
 Worthy to rise and live and reign  
 At his Almighty Father's side.
- 3 All riches are his native right  
 Yet he sustain'd amazing loss;  
 To Him ascribe eternal might,  
 Who left his weakness on the cross.
- 4 Honour immortal shall be paid,  
 Instead of scandal, shame and scorn;  
 While glory shines around his head,  
 A golden crown without a thorn.
- 5 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,  
 Who bore the curse for wretched men;  
 Let angels sound his Sacred Name,  
 And ev'ry creature say Amen.

## H Y M N XLIII.

- 1 **N**O more, my God, I boast no more  
Of all the duties I have done ;  
I quit the hopes I held before,  
To trust the merits of thy Son.
- 2 Now for the love I bear his name,  
What was my gain I count my loss ;  
My former pride I call my shame,  
And nail my glory to his cross.
- 3 Yea, doubtless, and I must esteem  
All things but loss for Jesu's sake ;  
O may my soul be found in Him,  
And of his righteousness partake !
- 4 The best obedience of my hands  
Dares not appear before thy throne ;  
But faith can answer thy demands,  
By pleading what my Lord hath done.

## H Y M N XLIV.

- L**ORD we confess our num'rous faults,  
How great our sins have been ;  
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts  
And all our lives were sin.
- 2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,  
For ever love his name ;  
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways-  
Of folly, sin, and shame :
  - 3 Who saves us not for righteousness,  
Nor works which we have done,  
But by his own almighty grace,  
Abounding through his Son.
  - 4 Grace, which in copious streams is shed  
To purify the soul,  
To wash the feet, the hands, the head,  
And make entirely whole.



- 5 So chang'd from guilty to be just,  
 We walk the heav'nly road,  
 In hope to leave our sin and dust,  
 And see the face of God.

## H Y M N XLV.

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace  
 Of our High Priest above;  
 His heart is made of tenderness,  
 His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within  
 He knows our feeble frame;  
 He knows what sore temptations mean,  
 For He hath felt the same.
- 3 He in the days of feeble flesh  
 Pour'd out his cries and tears,  
 And in his measure feels afresh  
 What ev'ry member bears.
- 4 He will not quench the smoking flax  
 But raise it to a flame;  
 The bruised reed he never breaks,  
 Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address  
 His mercy or his pow'r  
 We shall obtain deliv'ring grace  
 In the distressing hour.

## H Y M N XLVI.

- 1 **N**OW to the pow'r of God supreme  
 Be everlasting honours giv'n;  
 He saves from hell (we bless his name)  
 He calls lost wand'ring souls to heaven.
- 2 Not for our duties or deserts,  
 But of his own abounding grace,  
 He works salvation in our hearts,  
 And forms a people for his praise.

- 3 T'was his own purpose that begun  
 To rescue rebels doom'd to die ;  
 He gave us grace in Christ his Son  
 Before he form'd the starry sky.
- 4 Jesus the Lord appears at last,  
 And makes the Father's counsels known ;  
 Declares the great transactions past,  
 And brings immortal blessings down.

## H Y M N XLVII.

- 1 **F** AITH is the brightest evidence  
 Of things beyond our sight,  
 Breaks through the clouds of flesh and sense,  
 And lives in heav'nly light.
- 2 It sits times past in present view,  
 Brings distant prospects home ;  
 On wonders old it lives anew,  
 And feeds on those to come.
- 3 It sees the earth, it sees the skies,  
 Obedient to their Lord,  
 From nothing into being rise,  
 At his creative word.
- 4 The holy line, in sacred page  
 Enroll'd, and one by one  
 Brought unto God in ev'ry age,  
 By faith have kept their crown.
- 5 And lo, within th' eternal gates,  
 Where led their deathless way,  
 For us the Church imperfect waits,  
 Until the perfect day.

## H Y M N XLVIII.

- 1 **T** HE riches of thy glory, Lord,  
 O grant our souls to know.  
 Descend, according to thy word,  
 And dwell with us below.

- 2 Thy spirit send and furnish strength  
Unto the inner man,  
The depth and height and breadth and length  
Of thy vast love to scan.
- 3 Love passing knowledge ! passing praise !  
O root and ground us here ;  
And on this sure foundation raise  
A life of faith and pray'r.
- 4 All all our souls possess with God,  
With all his fullness fill ;  
And fit us for thy blest abode,  
For Sion's holy hill.
- 5 Now to the God, whose pow'r nor thought  
Can reach, nor pray'r define,  
His glories in the church he brought  
Through *Christ*, in whom they shine.

## H Y M N XLIX.

- 1 **L**ORD, give me richly to enjoy  
Those blessings which can never cloy ;  
But sweetly fill the heav'n-born soul,  
Diffusing peace throughout the whole.
- 2 Oh may a sense of pardon rest,  
Engraven deeply on my breast,  
By that Eternal Spirit's aid,  
Through whom the off'ring once was made.
- 3 Place me, Lord, on Calvary's brow,  
There teach my cold dead heart to glow ;  
And, where thy presence it may find,  
The victim to thy altar bind.
- 4 And while this wilderness I pass  
Exhibit in the faithful glass  
Thy glory, as my feeble light  
Can bear the unapproached light.

- 5 My years declining to their end,  
 Let me to Pisgah's top ascend;  
 And there, with Moses, take my stand,  
 To view by faith the promis'd land.
- 6 When I arrive at Jordan's sea,  
 Still Thou my kind conductor be,  
 Thy rod and staff its waves control,  
 And all death's dreary way console.
- 7 Till rais'd to that exalted height,  
 Where Jesus with eternal light  
 Encircled reigns, I live to sing  
 The praises of my God and King.

## H Y M N L.

- 1 **B**RING to the Lord your noblest lays,  
 He rear'd this universal frame:  
 From north to south resound his praise,  
 From east to west repeat his name.
- 2 He form'd the sea, he form'd the earth,  
 And rais'd the firmament on high,  
 To sun and moon he gave their birth,  
 And wrought and nam'd the starry sky.
- 3 Lo! on his throne supreme and sole  
 He sits, and looks upon the spheres;  
 As he ordains the orbits roll,  
 As he appoints revolve the years.
- 4 And so this vast machine shall move  
 Till He its pow'rs and course restrain;  
 When lo! high sounding from above  
 He speaks it into nought again.
- 5 Yet, when his voice shall raise the dead,  
 And fire dissolve this earthly ball,  
 Rejoice each saint and lift thine head,  
 'Tis your Redeemer's promis'd call.



## H Y M N LI.

- 1 **O**! For a heart and mouth to praise  
Jehovah's only equal Son!  
Awake our psalt'ry, harp, and lays,  
To tell the wonders He hath done.
- 2 Sing, how he left his glorious height,  
His unapproached light above,  
How swift and joyful was his flight  
On wings of everlasting love!
- 3 Sing, how to this defiled earth  
He came, to raise our nature high,  
How to appease Almighty wrath  
Jesus, the God, was born to die!
- 4 Hell and its lions roar'd around,  
His precious blood they fiercely spilt,  
His soul was bow'd unto the ground,  
Bearing the weight of all our guilt.
- 5 Finish'd his work, resign'd his breath,  
Seal'd in the grave his body lay,  
Till lo! He burst the bars of death,  
And rose to everlasting day.
- 6 Exalt your heads, ye sons of light,  
Exalt your hearts to grace's throne,  
Where Jesus wing'd his heav'nly flight,  
Where Jesus lives and reigns alone.

## H Y M N LII.

- 1 **B**RIGHT King of Glory, dreadful God,  
Our spirits bow before thy seat;  
We wait thine all commanding nod,  
And worship prostrate at thy feet.
- 2 Thy pow'r hath form'd, thy wisdom sways  
All nature with a sov'reign word;  
And the bright world of stars obeys  
The will of their superior Lord.

- 3 Mercy and truth unite in one,  
And smiling sit at thy right hand ;  
Eternal justice guards thy throne,  
And vengeance waits thy dread command.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand saints in light  
Stand round the glorious Deity ;  
But who in most exalted height  
Pretends comparifon with Thee ?
- 5 Yet there is one in human frame,  
JESUS, array'd in flesh and blood,  
Thinks it no robbery to claim  
A full equality with God !
- 6 Their glory fhines with equal beams,  
Their effence is for ever one,  
Though they are known by diff'rent names  
The *Father* God, and God the *Son*.
- 7 Then let the name of Chrift our King  
With higheft honours be ador'd ;  
His praife let ev'ry angel fing,  
And all the nations own the LORD.

## H Y M N LIII.

- 1 **T**HEE we adore, Eternal Name,  
And own with humble pray'r,  
How feeble is our mortal frame,  
What dying worms we are.
- 2 Our wafting lives grow shorter ftill,  
As days and hours increafe ;  
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,  
Leaves but the number lefs.
- 3 Before us lo the op'ning grave,  
Behind how fhort a fpan !  
How foon—and He, who came to fave,  
Appears the judge of man.

- 4 Nearer to endless joy or woe  
 We're brought by ev'ry breath,  
 And yet how unconcern'd we go  
 Upon the brink of death?
- 5 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,  
 To walk this dang'rous road;  
 And if our souls are hurried hence,  
 May they be found with God.

## H Y M N LIV.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,  
 Where saints immortal reign;  
 Infinite day excludes the night,  
 And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
 And never with'ring flow'rs:  
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
 This heav'nly land from ours.
- 3 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink  
 To cross this narrow sea,  
 And linger shiv'ring on the brink,  
 And fear to launch away.
- 4 O raise us, Lord, where Moses stood  
 The promis'd land to see,  
 Nor Jordan's streams nor death's cold flood  
 Shall keep our hearts from Thee.

## H Y M N LV.

- 1 **A**RISE my soul, my joyful pow'rs,  
 And triumph in my God;  
 Awake my voice, and loud proclaim  
 His glorious grace abroad.
- 2 He rais'd me from the depths of sin,  
 And from the gates of hell;  
 He fix'd my standing more secure  
 Than 'twas before I fell.

- 3 The arms of everlasting love  
 Beneath my soul He lay,  
 He set my feet upon the rock,  
 And there dispos'd my way.
- 4 A city strong is founded there,  
 And well supplied with grace,  
 Salvation its appointed walls,  
 It's gates Jehovah's praise.
- 5 Let rains descend, or floods arise ;  
 Or winds impetuous roar,  
 Omnipotence there guards my life,  
 And stills their raging pow'r.
- 6 Awake, my glory, lute and harp,  
 Awake, myself, and sing  
 Loud Hallelujahs, to address  
 My Saviour and my King.

## H Y M N LVI.

- 1 COME all harmonious tongues,  
 Your noblest music bring,  
 'Tis *Christ* the everlasting God,  
 And *Christ* the man we sing.
- 2 Tell how he took our flesh,  
 And with it all its load,  
 Tell how he pour'd his soul to death,  
 That we might live to God.
- 3 Alas ! what waves of grief  
 Did o'er his bosom roll !  
 What tempests of Almighty wrath  
 Were pour'd into his soul !
- 4 Whilst the all precious blood  
 Ran from his pierced side,  
 Till, finish'd all his Father's work,  
 He bow'd his head and died.

- 5 But lo! he leaves the grave,  
He lives no more to die;  
In heav'n of heav'ns at God's right hand  
He sits exalted high!
- 6 There his full glories shine  
With uncreated rays,  
The glories, which shall bless his church  
To everlasting days.

## H Y M N LVII.

- 1 **H**ARK, from the shades of night beneath;  
There fallen angels stray,  
Reserv'd in everlasting chains,  
To the great judgment day.
- 2 And lo! from th' height of earthly bliss  
Rebellious man is hurl'd:  
But Jesus stoops beneath the grave,  
To raise our sinking world.
- 3 O love of infinite degree!  
Unmeasurable grace!  
Must heav'n's eternal Son be slain,  
To save a sinful race?
- 4 Must angels under darkness lie,  
And burn in quenchless fire,  
While God forsakes his glorious throne,  
To raise the manhood high'r?
- 5 O! for this love let earth and heav'n  
With hallelujah's ring,  
And the full choir of human tongues  
All hallelujah sing.

## H Y M N LVIII.

- 1 **S**O God hath lov'd a wretched world,  
A world of dying men;  
So, that he gave his only Son,  
To give them life again.



- 2 Him does the word of God uphold  
To each believing eye,  
And gives them through his precious Name,  
To live and never die.
- 3 No fiery law did Jesus bear,  
No angry Father's rod;  
No stern commission to perform  
The vengeance of his God.
- 4 His work to the obedient Son  
The loving Father gave,  
Not to condemn a wretched world,  
But (O what love) to save.
- 5 O! for the spirit to incline  
Our hearts to take the grace,  
And give to Father and to Son.  
And Spirit equal praise.

## H Y M N LIX.

- 1 **L**ADEN with guilt and full of fears.  
I fly to Thee, my Lord;  
And not a glimpse of hope appears,  
But in thy written word.
- 2 The volume of thy Father's grace.  
Does all my grief assuage;  
Here I behold my Saviour's face,  
It shines in ev'ry page.
- 3 Here is the field, where hidden lies  
The pearl of price unknown;  
That merchant is divinely wise,  
Who makes that pearl his own.
- 4 Here flows the water to relieve  
My thirst, and cleanse my sin;  
Here grows the tree of life, to give  
Me health and strength within.

- 5 This is the judge, that ends the strife,  
Where wit and reason fail;  
My guide to everlasting life  
Through all this gloomy vale.
- 6 O may thy counsels, mighty God,  
My roving feet command;  
And keep me in the happy road,  
Which leads to thy right hand.

## H Y M N LX.

- 1 **H**ARK, how the hosts of heaven cry,  
When Jesus is in Bethl'hem seen,  
Glory to God in th' highest high,  
And peace on earth and love to men.
- 2 What if we trace the globe around,  
From north to south from east to west;  
None but the Christian scheme is found,  
Where God is just and man is blest.
- 3 In vain the trembling conscience seeks  
Some solid ground to rest upon;  
With long despair the spirit breaks,  
Till we apply to *Christ* alone.
- 4 How wonderful thy truth, O Lord,  
How wise and holy thy command!  
How sure thy promises and word!  
How firm our hope and comfort stand!
- 5 Not the feign'd fields of heath'nish bliss  
Could raise such pleasure in the soul,  
Nor dares the Turkish paradise  
Pretend to *joy of glory full*.<sup>a</sup>
- 6 Should all the forms, which men devise,  
Assault my faith with all their art,  
I'd call them vanities and lies,  
And bind the gospel to my heart.

<sup>a</sup> 1 Pet. i, 3.

## H Y M N LXI.

- 1 **J**ESUS our Prophet, Priest and King,  
We bless thy precious Name;  
Thy great salvation we would sing,  
And spread abroad thy fame.
- 2 We hail Thee, prophet of the Lord,  
That comes with truth and grace;  
O let thy spirit and thy word  
Teach us in all thy ways.
- 3 We hail Thee, our High Priest above,  
Who once hath shed his blood;  
And lives to carry on his love,  
By pleading with our God.
- 4 We hail Thee our exalted King,  
And wait for thy commands;  
To Thee our ransom'd souls we bring,  
O keep them in thy hands.
- 5 Hosannah to thy glorious Name,  
To thy all saving grace;  
O give us faith, and urge thy claim  
To our immortal praise.

## H Y M N LXII.

- 1 **G**IVE me the wings of faith to rise  
Within the veil and see  
The saints above, how great their joys,  
How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,  
And wet their couch with tears;  
They wrestled once, as we do now  
With sins and doubts and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came,  
They with united breath  
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
Their triumph to this death.

- 4 They mark'd the footsteps which he trod,  
His love inspir'd their breast;  
And following th' incarnate God,  
They enter'd into rest.
- 5 Our glorious leader let us bless  
For his own pattern giv'n,  
And for the cloud of witnesses,  
Which shew the way to heav'n.

## H Y M N LXIII.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wond'rous cross,  
On which the Lord of Glory died,  
My richest gain I count my loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast  
Save in the cross of Christ my God,  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet  
Sorrow and love flow mingling down!  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love, so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

## H Y M N LXIV.

- 1 **S**EE how created nature stands,  
Obedient to its Maker's nod,  
And in the wonders of his hands  
Holds forth to all the praise of God.
- 2 But in the grace, which saveth men,  
Jehovah's glory chiefly shines,  
Engraven by Jehovah's pen  
In precious blood and strongest lines.

- 3 Here I am taught to read his heart,  
Where grace and vengeance strongly join,  
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,  
To make the purchas'd pleasures mine.
- 4 O! the sweet wonders of that cross,  
Where God the Saviour lov'd and died!  
Eternal life my spirit draws  
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.
- 5 I would for ever speak his Name,  
In sounds to mortal ears unknown,  
With angels join to praise the Lamb,  
And worship at his Father's throne.

## H Y M N LXV.

- 1 **C**OME, holy spirit, heav'nly dove,  
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look, how we grovel here below  
Fond of these earthly toys;  
Our souls how heavily they go  
To reach eternal joys!
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise;  
Hosannahs languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.
- 4 And shall we, Lord, for ever live,  
At this poor dying rate;  
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,  
And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs:  
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.



## H Y M N LXVI.

- 1 **O** SUN of Righteousness arise,  
With healing in thy wings ;  
To my diseas'd my fainting soul  
Thy light salvation brings.
- 2 The clouds of pride and sin dispel,  
By thine all piercing beam ;  
Lighten mine eyes with faith, my heart  
With holy hope inflame.
- 3 My mind by thine all-quick'ning pow'r  
From low desires set free,  
Unite my scatter'd thoughts, and fix  
My love entire on Thee.
- 4 *Father*, thy long-lost Son receive ;  
*Saviour*, thy purchase own ;  
Blest *Comforter*, with peace and joy  
Thy new-made creature crown.

## H Y M N LXVII.

- 1 **R**EJOICE evermore  
With angels above  
In Jesus's pow'r  
In Jesus's love  
With glad exultation  
Your triumph proclaim,  
Ascribing salvation  
To God and the Lamb.
- 2 Thou, Lord, our relief,  
In trouble hast been,  
Hast sav'd us from grief,  
Hast kept us from sin ;  
The pow'r of thy spirit  
Hath set our hearts free,  
And now we inherit  
All fullness in Thee.

- 3 All fullness of peace,  
 All fullness of joy,  
 And spirit'al bliss,  
 That never shall cloy :  
 To us it is given  
 In Jesus to know  
 A kingdom of heaven  
 An heaven below.
- 4 No longer we join,  
 Where sinners invite,  
 Nor envy the swine  
 Their brutish delight ;  
 Their joy is all sadness,  
 Their mirth is all vain,  
 Their laughter is madness,  
 Their pleasure is pain.
- 5 O may they at last  
 With sorrow return,  
 The pleasure to taste  
 For which they were born :  
 Our Jesus receiving,  
 Our happiness prove,  
 The joy of believing,  
 The heaven of love.

## H Y M N LXVIII.

- 1 **L**ORD and God of Heav'nly pow'rs, Hallelujah  
 Theirs, and O benignly ours, Hallelujah  
 Glorious King let earth proclaim, Hallelujah  
 Worms attempt to chaunt thy name, Hallelujah.
- 2 Bow thine ear in mercy bow, Hallelujah  
 Hear the world's atonement Thou, Hallelujah  
 Jesus, in thy Name we pray, Hallelujah  
 Take, O take our sins away, Hallelujah.
- 3 Thee to laud in songs divine, Hallelujah  
 Angels and archangels join, Hallelujah  
 We with them our voices raise, Hallelujah  
 Ecchoing thine eternal praise, Hallelujah.

- 4 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord! Hallelujah  
 Live by heav'n and earth ador'd, Hallelujah  
 Full of Thee, they ever cry, Hallelujah  
 Glory be to God on high, Hallelujah.

## H Y M N LXIX.

- 1 **S**ONS of men, behold from far,  
 Hail the long expected star,  
 Jacob's star that gilds the night,  
 Guides bewilder'd nature right.
- 2 Fear not, that there hence should flow  
 Wars or pestilence below;  
 Wars it bids and tumults cease,  
 Ushering in the *Prince of Peace*.
- 3 Mild He shines on all beneath,  
 Piercing through the shades of death,  
 Scatt'ring error's wide-spread night.  
 Kindling darkness into night.
- 4 Nations all far off and near,  
 Haste to see your God appear;  
 Haste, for Him your hearts prepare,  
 Meet Him manifested there.
- 5 There behold the day-spring rise;  
 Pouring eye-sight on your eyes;  
 God in his own light survey,  
 Shining to the perfect day.
- 6 Sing ye morning-stars again,  
 God descends on earth to reign!  
 Deign for man his life t'employ.  
 Shout, ye sons of God, for joy.

## H Y M N LXX.

- 1 **W**HEN with my mind devoutly prest,  
 Dear Saviour, my revolving breast  
 Would past offences trace;  
 Trembling I make the black review,  
 Yet pleas'd behold, admiring too,  
 The pow'r of changing grace.
- 2 This tongue with blasphemies desil'd,  
 These feet to erring paths beguil'd,  
 In heav'nly league agree;  
 Who could believe such lips could praise,  
 Or think my dark and winding ways  
 Should ever lead to Thee!
- 3 These eyes, that once abus'd their sight,  
 Now list to Thee their wat'ry light,  
 And weep a silent flood;  
 These hands ascend in ceaseless pray'r,  
 O wash away the stains they wear  
 In pure redeeming blood!
- 4 These ears, that pleas'd, could entertain  
 The midnight oath, the lustful strain,  
 When round the fustal board;  
 Now deaf to all th' enchanting noise,  
 Avoid the throng, detest the joys,  
 And press to hear thy word.
- 5 Thus art Thou serv'd in ev'ry part,  
 O wouldst Thou more transform my heart,  
 This drossy thing refine;  
 That Grace might nature's strength controul,  
 And a new creature—body—soul—  
 Be, LORD, for ever thine.

## H Y M N LXXI.

- 1 **C**OME ye that love the Lord,  
 And let your joys be known,  
 Join in a song of sweet accord,  
 While ye surround the throne.

- 2 The sorrows of the mind  
Be banish'd from the place;  
Religion never was design'd  
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing,  
Who never knew our God;  
But children of the heav'nly King  
Will speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below;  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow.
- 5 The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.
- 6 Then let your songs abound,  
And ev'ry tear be dry;  
We're marching through IMMANUEL's ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.

## H Y M N LXXII.

- 1 **A** WAKE, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb,  
Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's Name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love,  
Sing of his rising pow'r,  
Sing how He intercedes above  
For those whose sins He bore.
- 3 Sing till we feel our hearts  
Ascending with our tongues,  
Sing till the love of sin departs,  
And grace inspires your songs.
- 4 Sing on your heav'nly way,  
Ye ransom'd sinners sing,  
Sing on rejoicing ev'ry day  
In CHRIST th' eternal King.



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And grace inspires your songs.
- 4 Sing on your heav'nly way,  
Ye ransom'd sinners sing,  
Sing on rejoicing ev'ry day  
In CHRIST th' eternal King.

- 5 Soon shall ye hear Him say,  
 "Ye blessed children come;"  
 Soon will He call you hence away,  
 And take his wand'ers home.

## H Y M N LXXIII.

- 1 **Y**E servants of God,  
 Your Master proclaim,  
 And publish abroad  
 His wonderful Name :  
 The Name all victorious  
 Of Jesus extol ;  
 His kingdom is glorious,  
 And rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high,  
 Almighty to save,  
 And still He is nigh,  
 His presence we have ;  
 The great congregation  
 His triumph shall sing,  
 Ascribing salvation  
 To Jesus our King.
- 3 Salvation to God,  
 Who sits on the throne,  
 Let all cry aloud,  
 And honour the Son :  
 Our Jesus's praises  
 The angels proclaim,  
 Fall down on their faces,  
 And worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore,  
 And give Him his right,  
 All glory and pow'r,  
 And wisdom and might ;  
 All honour and blessing  
 With angels above,  
 And thanks never ceasing.  
 And infinite love.

## H Y M N LXXIV.

- 1 **A**TTEND, while God's eternal Son  
Doth his own glories shew ;  
" Behold ! I sit upon my throne,  
" Creating all things new.
- 2 " Nature and sin are past away,  
" And the old Adam dies :  
" My hands a new foundation lay ;  
" See a new world arise !"
- 3 Mighty Redeemer, set us free  
From our old state of sin,  
O make our souls alive to Thee,  
Create new pow'rs within.
- 4 Renew our eyes, and form our ears,  
And mould our hearts afresh ;  
Give us new passions, joys and fears,  
And turn the stone to flesh.
- 5 Far from the regions of the dead,  
From sin, and earth, and hell,  
In the new world, which Thou hast made,  
May we for ever dwell.

## H Y M N LXXV.

- 1 **O** Happy saints, who dwell in light,  
And walk with Jesus, cloth'd in white,  
Sate landed on that peaceful shore,  
Where pilgrims meet to part no more.
- 2 Réleas'd from sin and toil and strife,  
Death was their gate to endless life ;  
An open'd cage to let them fly,  
And build their happy nest on high.
- 3 And now they range the heav'nly plains,  
And sing their hymns in melting strains ;  
And now their souls begin to prove  
The heights and depths of Jesu's love.

- 4 They gaze upon his beauteous face,  
His lovely mind, and charming grace,  
And gazing hard with ravish'd eyes,  
His form they catch, and taste his joys.
- 5 He cheers them with eternal smile;  
They sing Hosannas all the while,  
Or overwhelm'd with rapture sweet,  
Sink down adoring at his feet.
- 6 Ah! Lord, with tardy steps I creep,  
And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep;  
Yet strip me of this house of clay,  
And I will sing as loud as they.

## H Y M N LXXVI.

- 1 **L**O! He comes with clouds descending  
Once for favour'd sinners slain:  
Thousand thousand saints attending,  
Swell the triumph of his train:  
Hallelujah!  
Hallelujah! Amen.
- 2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold Him,  
Rob'd in dreadful majesty;  
They, who set at nought and sold Him,  
Pierc'd, and nail'd Him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,  
Heav'n and earth shall flee away;  
All who hate Him, must, confounded,  
Hear the trump proclaim the day;  
Come to judgment!  
Come to judgment! come away.



- 4 Now redemption long expected,  
 He! in solemn pomp appears!  
 All his faints, by man rejected,  
 Now shall meet Him in the air!  
     Hallelujah!  
     See the day of God appear!
- 5 Answer thine own Bride and Spirit  
 Hasten, Lord, the gen'ral doom!  
 The new heav'n and earth t' inherit,  
 Take thy pining exiles home:  
     All creation,  
     Travails! groans! and bids Thee come.
- 6 Yea! Amen! let all adore Thee,  
 High on thine eternal throne!  
 Saviour, take the pow'r and glory,  
 Claim the kingdom for thine own!  
     O come quickly!  
     Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!

## H Y M N LXXVII.

- 1 **H**E comes! He comes! the Judge severe!  
 The seventh trumpet speaks him near,  
 His lightnings flash, his thunders roll,  
 He's welcome to the faithful soul,  
 Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome to the faithful  
     soul.
- 2 From heav'n angelic voices sound,  
 See the almighty Jesus crown'd:  
 Girt with omnipotence and grace,  
 And glory decks the Saviour's face.  
 Glory, glory, glory, glory, glory decks the Saviour's  
     face.
- 3 Descending on his azure throne,  
 He claims the kingdoms for his own;  
 The kingdoms all obey his word,  
 And hail Him their triumphant Lord:  
 Hail Him, hail Him, hail Him, hail Him, hail Him  
     their triumphant Lord.

- 4 Shout all the people of the sky,  
And all the saints of the Most High:  
Our God, who now his right obtains,  
For ever and for ever reigns.  
Ever, ever, ever, ever, ever and for ever reigns.
- 5 The *Father* praise, the *Son* adore,  
The *Spirit* blest for evermore;  
Salvation's glorious work is done,  
We welcome Thee *Great Three* in one.  
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome Thee  
*Great Three in one.*

## H Y M N LXXVIII.

- 1 **H**AIL, holy, holy, holy, Lord!  
Be endless praise to Thee!  
Supreme essential One ador'd  
In coeternal Three.
- 2 Enthron'd in everlasting state,  
E'er time it's round began,  
Who join'd in council to create,  
The dignity of man.
- 3 Whom, in Isaiah's vision shew'd,  
The winged Seraphs cry,  
While Thee, *Jehovah Lord and God*,  
They sing above the sky.
- 4 To Thee by mystic pow'rs on high,  
Were humble praises giv'n,  
While John beheld with favour'd eye  
Th' inhabitants of heav'n.
- 5 All, that the name of creature owns,  
To Thee in hymns aspire;  
May we with Christ upon our thrones,  
For ever join the choir.

- 6 Hail holy, holy, holy, holy Lord !  
 Be endless praise to Thee ;  
 Supreme essential One, ador'd,  
 In coeternal Three.

## H Y M N LXXIX.

- 1 **G**LORY and honour be to Thee,  
 Thou self-existent Deity ;  
 Thee we revere, and Thee adore,  
 In mercy infinite and pow'r.
- 2 To Thee our joyful hearts we raise,  
 To Thee we bring our songs of praise,  
 Whose bounteous care and love imparts,  
 Celestial blessings to our hearts.
- 3 Unto the holy Triune God,  
 Who hast on us, poor worms, bestow'd  
 Such favour, such amazing grace,  
 We pay <sup>of</sup> ~~of~~ homage, thanks and praise.

## H Y M N LXXX.

- 1 **C**OME, thou almighty King,  
 Help us thy name to sing,  
 Help us to praise ;  
**FATHER** all glorious,  
 O'er all victorious,  
 Come, and reign over us,  
**ANCIENT OF DAYS.**
- 2 **JESUS** our Lord arise,  
 Scatter our enemies,  
 And make them fall ;  
 Let thine almighty aid,  
 Our sure defence be made,  
 On Thee our souls be staid,  
 Lord, hear our call.

3 Come thou incarnate WORD,  
Gird on thy mighty sword,  
Our pray'r attend.  
Come, and thy people bless,  
And give thy word success,  
SPIRIT of holiness,  
On us descend.

4 Come, holy COMFORTER,  
Thy sacred witness bear,  
In this glad hour.  
Thou, who almighty art,  
Now rule in ev'ry heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of pow'r.

5 To the great One in Three  
Eternal praises be,  
Hence evermore!  
His sov'reign Majesty,  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
Love and adore.

## H Y M N LXXXI.

1 **A**ND does my Maker condescend  
To ask a worm to be his friend?  
Will God forgive a rebel wild,  
And make the hateful wretch his child?

2 O height of grace and depth of love!  
Sure angels stand amaz'd above;  
Amaz'd, that God with man should dwell  
A slave of sin, a child of hell.

3 O take this worthless heart, my God,  
And cleanse it in the Saviour's blood,  
From earthly idols set it free,  
And keep my breast entire for Thee.

- 4 In holy silence let me wait,  
A daily watchman at thy gate,  
And feel thy gracious presence near,  
And all thy loving counsels hear.
- 5 Much heart-acquaintance carry on,  
Till life it's hourly sands has run;  
Then call me up to see thy face,  
And sing eternal songs of grace.

## H Y M N LXXXII.

- 1 **L**ORD of the sabbath, Thee we praise,  
In concert with the blest,  
Who joyful in harmonious lays  
Employ an endless rest.
- 2 Thus, LORD, while we remember Thee,  
We blest and holy grow;  
By hymns of praise we learn to be  
Triumphant here below.
- 3 On this glad day or brighter scene  
Of glory was display'd  
By God, th' eternal WORD, than when  
This universe was made.
- 4 He rises, who mankind has bought  
With grief and pain extreme:  
'Twas great to speak the world from nought—  
'Twas greater to redeem.

## H Y M N. LXXXIII.

- 1 **T**O God the only wise,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Let all the saints below the skies  
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,  
His counsel and his care,  
Preserves us safe from sin and death;  
And ev'ry hurtful snare.



- 3 He will present his saints  
Unblemish'd and compleat,  
Before the glory of his face,  
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed  
Shall meet around the throne,  
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,  
And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our redeeming God,  
Wisdom and power belongs,  
Immortal crowns of majesty,  
And everlasting songs.

## H Y M N LXXXIV.

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul and stretch thy wings,  
Thy better portion trace;  
Rise from transitory things,  
Tow'rds heav'n thy native place:  
Sun and moon and stars decay,  
Time shall soon this earth remove,  
Rise, my soul, and haste away  
To seats prepar'd above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course;  
Fire ascending seeks the sun,  
Both speed them to their source:  
So a soul, that's born of God,  
Pants to view his glorious face,  
Upwards tends to his abode,  
To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,  
Press onward to the prize;  
Soon our saviour will return  
Triumphant in the skies:

Yet a season, and you know,  
 Happy entrance will be giv'n,  
 All our sorrows left below,  
 And earth exchang'd for heav'n.

## H Y M N LXXXV.

- 1 **B**LEST be the FATHER and his love,  
 To whose celestial source we owe,  
 Rivers of endless joys above,  
 And rills of comfort here below !
- 2 Glory to Thee, great SON of God !  
 Forth from thy wounded body rolls  
 A precious stream of vital blood,  
 Pardon and life for dying souls.
- 3 We give the holy SPIRIT praise,  
 Who, in our hearts of sin and woe,  
 Makes living springs of grace arise,  
 And into boundless glory flow.
- 4 Thus GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,  
 And GOD the SPIRIT, we adore,  
 That sea of life and love unknown,  
 Without a bottom or a shore.

## H Y M N LXXXVI.

- 1 **B**EFORE JEHOVAH's awful throne,  
 Ye nations bow with sacred joy,  
 Know that the LORD is GOD alone !  
 He can create and He destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign pow'r without our aid,  
 Made us of clay and form'd us men ;  
 And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,  
 He brought us to his fold again.

- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
 High as the heav'ns our voices raise;  
 And earth with her ten thousand tongues  
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command,  
 Vast as eternity thy love,  
 Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,  
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

## H Y M N LXXXVII.

- 1 **O** UR shepherd alone,  
 The Lord let us bless,  
 Who reigns on the throne  
 The Prince of our peace:  
 Who evermore saves us  
 By shedding his blood:  
 All hail holy Jesus,  
 Our LORD and our GOD!
- 2 We daily will sing  
 Thy merits, thy praise,  
 Thou merciful spring  
 Of pity and grace;  
 Thy kindness for ever  
 To men we will tell;  
 And say our dear SAVIOUR  
 Redeem'd us from hell.
- 3 Preserve us in love,  
 While here we abide:  
 Nor ever remove,  
 Nor cover, nor hide,  
 Thy glorious salvation,  
 Till joyful we see  
 The beautiful vision  
 Completed in Thee.

## H Y M N LXXXVIII.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of earth and sky,  
The God of ages praise,  
Who reigns enthron'd on high,  
Ancient of endless days ;  
Who lengthens out our trial here,  
And spares us yet another year.
- 2 Barren and wither'd trees,  
We cumber'd long the ground ;  
No fruit of holiness  
On our dead souls was found ;  
Yet did He us in mercy spare  
Another and another year.
- 3 When justice drew the sword  
To cut the fig tree down,  
The pity of our Lord  
Cried, " let it still alone ;"  
The Father mild inclin'd his ear,  
And spar'd us yet another year.
- 4 Jesus, thy speaking blood  
From God obtain'd the grace,  
Who therefore hath bestow'd  
On us a longer space :  
Thou didst on our behalf appear,  
And lo, we see another year !
- 5 Then dig about our root,  
Break up our fallow ground,  
And let our gracious fruit  
To thy great praise abound :  
O let us all thy praise declare  
And fruit unto perfection bear.

## H Y M N LXXXIX.

- 1    **H**OW can we adore  
     Or worthily praise,  
     Thy goodness and pow'r  
     Thou God of all grace!  
With honour and blessing,  
     Before Thee we fall,  
Most gladly confessing  
     Thee FATHER of all.
- 2    The heavens and earth,  
     And water and air,  
     To Thee owe their birth,  
     Substist by thy care;  
Whilst angels are singing  
     Thy praises above,  
We mortals are bringing  
     Our tribute of love.
- 3    Thou, SAVIOUR art one  
     With God the Supreme,  
     His eternal Son,  
     And equal with Him;  
Invested with glory,  
     On high dost Thou sit,  
While angels adore Thee  
     And bow at thy feet.
- 4    How great was thy love!  
     How wond'rous thy grace!  
     Thou cam'st from above  
     To save a lost race;  
And, man to deliver  
     Of woman wast born,  
That ev'ry believer  
     To God might return.



- 5 How soon will thy seat  
Of judgment appear!  
Prepare us to meet,  
And welcome Thee there;  
Thy witnessing spirit  
In us shed abroad,  
And bid us inherit  
The kingdom of God.

## H Y M N XC.

- 1 NOT all the blood of beasts  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But CHRIST the heav'nly LAMB  
Takes all our sins away:  
A sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood than they!
- 3 My faith would lay it's hand  
On that dear head of thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see  
The burdens Thou didst bear,  
When hanging on th' accursed tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.

## H Y M N XCI.

- 1 O THOU, in whom the Gentiles trust,  
Thou only holy, only just,  
O tune our souls to praise thy name,  
JESUS! unchangeable the same.
- 2 *Esaias*, once thy glory seen,\*  
Woe me, he cried, for I'm unclean;  
And how shall sinful dust draw nigh,  
The great, the awful DEITY!

\* *Isaiah vi*, compared with *John xii*, 24.

- 3 But lo! descending from above,  
The *Seraph* burns with pard'ning love,  
Alive from th' altar brings the coal,  
And makes the trembling sinner whole.
- 4 Glory to Thee, auspicious LAMB!  
Thou holy LORD, Thou great I AM!  
With all our pow'r thy grace we bless,  
Our joy, our peace, our righteousness!
- 5 Live, ever glorious JESUS live,  
Worthy all blessings to receive!  
Worthy on high enthron'd to sit,  
With ev'ry pow'r beneath thy feet.

## H Y M N XCII.

- 1 **H**AIL, Thou once despised JESUS:  
Hail Thou Galilean King!  
Who did'st suffer to release us,  
Who did'st free salvation bring:  
Hail, Thou glorious GOD and SAVIOUR,  
Who hast borne our sin and shame,  
By whose merits we find favour,  
Life is giv'n through thy *Name*!
- 2 Paschal LAMB by GOD appointed,  
All our sins were on Thee laid:  
By Almighty love appointed,  
Thou hast full atonement made:  
Ev'ry sin may be forgiv'n  
Through the virtue of thy blood,  
Open'd is the gate of heav'n,  
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 JESUS hail! enthron'd in glory,  
There for ever to abide!  
All the heav'nly hosts adore Thee  
Seated at thy FATHER's side:  
There for sinners Thou art pleading,  
"Spare them yet another year"  
Thou for saints art interceding  
Till in glory they appear.

- 4 Worship, honour, pow'r and blessing,  
 Christ is worthy to receive  
 Loudest praises without ceasing,  
 Meet it is for us to give!  
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits,  
 Bring your sweetest noblest lays,  
 Help to sing our JESU's merits,  
 Help to chaunt IMMANUEL's praise.

## H Y M N XCIII.

- 1 **C**OME, let us all unite to praise  
 The SAVIOUR of mankind,  
 Our thankful hearts in solemn lays,  
 Be with our voices join'd.
- 2 But how shall dust his worth declare,  
 Which angels cannot scan?  
 The highest name that's nam'd, is far  
 Beneath the Son of Man!
- 3 Yet, Lord, we cannot silent be,  
 By love we are constrain'd,  
 To offer our best thanks to Thee  
 Our saviour and our friend.
- 4 Should we through fear or shame refrain,  
 The very stones would sing,  
 And tell the universal reign  
 Of our immortal King.
- 5 Let ev'ry tongue thy goodness shew,  
 And spread abroad thy fame,  
 Let ev'ry heart with praise o'erflow,  
 And bless thy wond'rous *Name*.
- 6 Worship and honour thanks and love  
 Be to our Jesus giv'n!  
 By men below—by hosts above  
 By all in earth and heav'n.

## H Y M N XCIV.

- 1 **H**E dies! the friend of sinners dies!  
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!  
 A solemn darkness veils the skies!  
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground!  
 Come saints, and drop a tear or two,  
 For Him who groan'd beneath your load;  
 He shed a thousand drops for you,  
 A thousand drops of precious blood!
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,  
 The Lord of glory dies for men!  
 But lo! what sudden joys we see!  
 Jesus the dead revives again!  
 The rising God forsakes the tomb!  
 [The tomb in vain forbids his rise!]  
 Angelic legions guard him home,  
 And shout him welcome to the skies!
- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell,  
 How high our great deliv'rer reigns!  
 Sing how He spoil'd the hosts of hell,  
 And led the monster death in chains!  
 Say, "live for ever, wond'rous King!  
 "Born to redeem, and strong to save!"  
 Then ask the monster "Where's thy sting,  
 And where's thy victory, boasting grave!"

## H Y M N XCV.

- 1 **A** lovely appearance of death,  
 No fight upon earth is so fair;  
 Not all the gay pageants that breathe,  
 Can with this dead body compare;  
 With solemn delight I survey  
 The corpse when the spirit is fled,  
 In love with the beautiful clay,  
 And longing to die in it's stead.

- 2 How blest is our *Brother*, bereft  
Of all that could burden his mind !  
How easy the soul that hath left  
This wearisome body behind !  
Of evil incapable Thou,  
Whose relicks with envy I see ;  
No longer in misery now,  
No longer a sinner like me.
- 3 This earth is affected no more  
With sickness, or shaken with pain ;  
The war in the members is o'er,  
And never shall vex them again :  
No anger henceforward or shame  
Shall redden this innocent clay,  
Exinct is the animal flame,  
And passion is vanish'd away.
- 4 This languishing head is at rest,  
It's thinking and aching are o'er ;  
This quiet immoveable breast  
Is heav'd by affliction no more :  
This heart is no longer the seat  
Of trouble and torturing pain :  
It ceases to flutter and beat  
It never shall flutter again.
- 5 The lids he so seldom could close,  
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,  
Seal'd up in eternal repose  
Have strangely forgotten to weep :  
The fountains can yield no supplies,  
These hollows from water are free ;  
The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,  
And evil they never shall see.
- 6 To mourn and to suffer is mine,  
While bound in a prison I breathe,  
And still for deliverance pine,  
And press to the issues of death :



What now with my tears I bedew,  
 I wait the good time to become,  
 My spirit created anew,  
 My flesh be consign'd to the tomb!

## H Y M N XCVI.

- 1 **J**ESU, thy blood and righteousness  
 My beauty are, and glorious dress,  
 Midst flaming worlds in these array'd  
 With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise  
 To claim my mansion in the skies,  
 E'en then shall this be all my plea;  
 "Jesus has liv'd and died for me."
- 3 Bold shall I stand at that great day,  
 For who ought to my charge shall lay?  
 Completely cloth'd by CHRIST alone,  
 And all my filthy garments gone.
- 4 This spotless robe the same appears,  
 When ruin'd nature sinks in years;  
 No age can change it's glorious hue,  
 The grace of CHRIST is ever new.
- 5 O let the dead now hear thy voice,  
 Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice,  
 Their beauty this, their glorious dress,  
 JESUS the LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

## H Y M N XCVII.

- 1 **B**RETHREN, let us join to bless  
 JESUS CHRIST, our joy and peace,  
 Let our praise to Him be giv'n,  
 High at God's right hand in heav'n!

- 2 Master, see, to Thee we bow,  
Thou art LORD and only 'Thou ;  
'Thou the blessed virgin's seed,  
Glory of thy church and head.
- 3 Thee the angels ceaseless sing,  
Thee we praise, our Priest, our King:  
Worthy is thy Name of praise,  
Full of glory, full of grace.
- 4 Thou hast the glad tidings brought  
Of salvation by Thee wrought,  
Wrought by all thy church ; and we  
Worship in their company.
- 5 We, thy little flock adore  
Thee, the LORD for evermore,  
Ever with us shew thy love,  
Till we join with those above.

## H Y M N XCVIII.

- 1 CHRIST, from whom all blessings flow,  
Comforting thy saints below,  
Hear us, who thy nature share,  
Who thy mystic body are :  
Join us in one spirit join ;  
Let us all receive of thine,  
Still for more on Thee we call,  
Thee, who fillest all in all.
- 2 Move, and actuate, and guide,  
Divers gifts to each divide ;  
Plac'd according to thy will,  
Let us all our works fulfil :  
Never from our office move,  
Helpful to each other prove,  
Use the grace on each bestow'd  
Temper'd by the blessed God.

- 3 Many are we now, and one :  
 We who JESUS have put on :  
 There is neither bond nor free,  
 Male or female, LORD, in thee :  
 Love, like death, hath all destroy'd,  
 Render'd all distinctions void,  
 Names and sects and parties fall,  
 JESUS CHRIST is ALL in ALL.

## H Y M N XCIX.

- 1 **O** God how endless is thy love ;  
 Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new ;  
 And morning mercies from above  
 Gently distil, like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,  
 Great guardian of our sleeping hours ;  
 Thy sov'reign word restores the light,  
 And quickens all our drowsy pow'rs.
- 3 Lord, may we yield to thy command,  
 And consecrate to Thee our days :  
 Perpetual blessings from thine hand  
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

## H Y M N C.

- 1 **F**ATHER, SON and HOLY GHOST,  
 ONE in THREE and THREE in ONE !  
 As by the celestial host,  
 Let thy will on earth be done :  
 Praise by all to Thee be giv'n,  
 Glorious LORD of earth and heav'n.
- 2 If so poor a worm as I  
 May to thy great glory live,  
 All mine actions sanctify,  
 All my thoughts and words receive,  
 Claim me for thy service—claim  
 All I have, and all I am.

- 3 Take my soul and body's pow'rs,  
 Take my mem'ry, mind and will,  
 All my goods, and all mine hours,  
 All I know and all I feel,  
 All I think and speak and do:  
 Take my heart—but make it new.
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 Let thy will on earth be done.  
 Praise by all to Thee be giv'n  
 Glorious LORD of earth and heav'n.

## H Y M N CI.

## FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

- 1 **H**ARK! the herald-angels sing  
 Glory to the new-born King!  
 Peace on earth and mercy mild,  
 God and sinners reconcil'd.
- 2 Joyful all ye nations rise,  
 Join the triumphs of the skies;  
 With th' angelic host proclaim,  
 CHRIST is born in Bethlehem.
- 3 CHRIST by highest heav'n ador'd,  
 CHRIST the everlasting Lord;  
 Late in time behold Him come,  
 Ofspring of the virgin's womb!
- 4 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,  
 Hail the incarnate Deity!  
 Pleas'd as man with men t' appear,  
 Jesus our *Emmanuel* here.
- 5 Hail the heav'n born Prince of Peace!  
 Hail the Son of Righteousness!  
 Light and life to all He brings,  
 Ris'n with healing in his wings.

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 We who JESUS have put on :  
 There is neither bond nor free,  
 Male or female, LORD, in thee :  
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- 2 If so poor a worm as I  
 May to thy great glory live,  
 All mine actions sanctify,  
 All my thoughts and words receive,  
 Claim me for thy service—claim  
 All I have, and all I am.



- 3 Take my soul and body's pow'rs,  
 Take my mem'ry, mind and will,  
 All my goods, and all mine hours,  
 All I know and all I feel,  
 All I think and speak and do:  
 Take my heart—but make it new.
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 Hail the incarnate Deity!  
 Pleas'd as man with men t' appear,  
 Jesus our *Emmanuel* here.
- 5 Hail the heav'n born Prince of Peace!  
 Hail the Son of Righteousness!  
 Light and life to all He brings,  
 Ris'n with healing in his wings.

- 6 Mild He lays his glory by,  
 Born that men no more may die ;  
 Born to raise the sons of earth,  
 Born to give them second birth.
- 7 Come, desire of nations, come,  
 Fix in us thy humble home :  
 Rise the woman's conquering seed,  
 Bruise in us the serpent's head.
- 8 Adam's likeness now efface,  
 Stamp thine image in it's place ;  
 Second Adam from above,  
 Reinstale us in thy love.

## H Y M N CII.

## A N O T H E R.

- 1 **C**OME, thou long expected Jesus !  
 Born to set thy people free ;  
 From our fears and sins release us,  
 Let us find our rest in Thee :  
 Israel's strength and consolation,  
 Hope of all the earth Thou art,  
 Dear desire of every nation,  
 Joy of every faithful heart.
- 2 Born thy people to deliver,  
 Born a child, and yet a King ;  
 Born to reign in us for ever,  
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring ;  
 By thine own eternal spirit,  
 Rule in all our hearts alone ;  
 By thine all-sufficient merit  
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

## H Y M N CIII.

## A N O T H E R.

- 1 **L**IFT up your heads in joyful hope,  
Salute the happy morn;  
Each heav'nly pow'r  
Proclaims the glad hour,  
Lo! JESUS the Saviour is born.
- 2 All glory be to God on high,  
To him all praise is due;  
The promise is seal'd,  
The Saviour's reveal'd,  
And proves that the record is true.
- 3 Let joy around like rivers flow,  
Flow on and still increase;  
Spread o'er the glad earth  
At Jesus's birth,  
For heaven and earth are at peace,
- 4 Now the good will of heaven is shewn  
Tow'rds Adam's helpless race:  
Messiah is come  
To ransom his own,  
To save them by infinite grace.
- 5 Then let us join the heavens above,  
Where saints and angels sing,  
Join all the glad pow'rs,  
For their Lord and ours,  
Our *Prophet*, our *Priest* and our *King*.

## H Y M N CIV.

## FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

- 1 **W**H O hath our report believed?  
SHILOH come is not received,  
Not receiv'd by his own;  
Promis'd BRANCH from root of *Jesse*,  
DAVID's offspring, sent to bless ye,  
Comes too meekly to be known.

- 2 Say, thou highly favour'd nation,  
What was thy fond expectation?  
Some fair spreading lofty tree?  
Let not worldly pride confound Thee,  
'Mong the lowly plants around Thee,  
Mark the lowest—that is He.
- 3 Like a tender plant that's growing,  
Where no waters, friendly flowing,  
No kind rains refresh the ground;  
Drooping, dying we shall view Him,  
See no charm to draw us to Him,  
There no beauty will be found.
- 4 Lo! MESSIAH unexpected!  
*Man of griefs, despis'd, rejected!*  
Wounds his form disfiguring,  
Marr'd his visage more than any,  
For He bears the sins of many,  
All our sorrows carrying.
- 5 No deceit his mouth had spoken,  
Blameless He no law had broken,  
Yet was number'd with the worst:  
For, because the Lord would grieve Him,  
We, who saw it, did believe Him  
For his own offences curst.
- 6 But while Him our thoughts accused;  
He for us alone was bruised,  
Stricken, smitten for our guilt:  
With his stripes our wounds are cured,  
By his pains our peace assured,  
Purchas'd with the blood he spilt.
- 7 Love amazing! so to mind us,  
Shepherd come from heav'n to find us,  
Silly sheep all gone astray,  
Lost, undone by our transgressions,  
Worse than stripp'd of all possessions,  
Debtors without hope to pay.

- 8 Fear our portion, slaves in spirit,  
 He redeem'd us by his merit  
 To a glorious liberty :  
 Dearly first his goodness bought us,  
 Truth and love then sweetly taught us,  
 Truth and love have made us free.
- 9 Blessed be the God who gave us,  
 Freely gave his Son to save us,  
 Bless'd the Son who freely came:  
 Honour, blessing, adoration,  
 Ever, from the whole Creation  
 Be to GOD and to the LAMB.

## H Y M N CV.

## A N O T H E R.

- 1 **T**'IS done! th' atoning work is done!  
 JESUS the great REDEEMER dies!  
 All nature feels th' important groan,  
 Loud echoing through the earth and skies;  
 The earth does to her center shake,  
 And heav'n as hell's deep gloom is black.
- 2 The temple's veil is rent in twain,  
 While Jesus meekly bows his head,  
 The rocks resent his mortal pain,  
 The yawning graves give up their dead,  
 The bodies of the saints arise,  
 Reviving as their SAVIOUR dies.
- 3 And shall not we his death partake,  
 In sympathetic anguish groan?  
 O SAVIOUR, let thy passion shake  
 Our earth, and rend our hearts of stone:  
 To second life our souls restore  
 And wake us, that we sleep no more.



## H Y M N C VI.

## FOR EASTER DAY.

- 1 **C**H RIST the L O R D is risen to day,  
Sons of men and angels say,  
Raife your joys and triumphs high,  
Sing ye heav'ns, and earth reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight the battle won;  
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er,  
Lo! He sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
Christ has burst the gates of hell;  
Death in vain forbids his rise,  
Christ hath open'd paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King,  
Where, O death, is now thy sting?  
Once He died our souls to save,  
Where thy victory, O grave!
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,  
Following our exalted Head,  
Made like Him, like Him we rise,  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 6 What though once we perish'd all,  
Partners of our parent's fall,  
Second life we all receive,  
In our heav'nly Adam live.
- 7 Hail the Lord of earth and heav'n!  
Praise to Thee by both be giv'n;  
Thee we greet triumphant now,  
Hail! the RESURRECTION—THOU.

## H Y M N CVII.

## A N O T H E R.

- 1 **T**HE *Son of Righteousness* appears,  
 To set in blood no more :  
 The light, who scatters all your fears,  
 Your rising God adore !
- 2 The saints, when he resign'd his breath,  
 Unclos'd their sleeping eyes ;  
 He breaks again the bands of death  
 Again the dead arise !
- 3 Alone the dreadful race he ran  
 Alone the wine press trod ;  
 He groans—He dies—behold the Man !  
 He lives—behold the God !
- 4 In vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
 Forbid an early rise ;  
 To Him, who breaks the gates of hell,  
 And opens paradise.

## H Y M N CVIII.

## A S C E N S I O N.

- 1 **H**AIL the day that sees Him rise,  
 Ravish'd from our wishful eyes !  
 CHRIST awhile to mortals giv'n  
 Re-ascends his native heav'n,  
 There the holy triumph waits,  
 " Lift your heads, eternal gates,  
 " Wide unfold the radiant scene  
 " Take the King of Glory in !
- 2 Him, though highest heav'n receives,  
 Still He loves the earth He leaves ;  
 Though returned to His throne,  
 He can ne'er forget his own.  
 Still for them He intercedes,  
 His all atoning death He pleads,  
 Next Himself prepares their place,  
 SAVIOUR of the ransom'd race.

- 3 Master (may we ever say)  
 Taken from our head to day.  
 See, thy faithful servants, see,  
 Ever gazing up to Thee.  
 Grant, though parted from our sight,  
 High above yon azure height,  
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,  
 Following Thee beyond the skies.
- 4 Ever upwards may we move,  
 Wafted on the wings of love;  
 Looking when our Lord shall come,  
 Longing gasping after home!  
 There may we with Thee remain,  
 Partners of thine endless reign;  
 There thy face unclouded see,  
 Find our heav'n of heav'ns in Thee:

## H Y M N CIX.

## A N O T H E R.

- 1 **O**UR Lord is risen from the dead,  
 Our Jesus is gone up on high,  
 The pow'r's of hell are captures led,  
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphant chariot waits,  
 And angels chaunt the solemn lay,  
 Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,  
 Ye everlasting doors give way.
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,  
 And wide unfold th' etherial scene;  
 He claims these mansions as his right,  
 Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4 Who is the King of Glory, who?  
 The Lord who all his foes o'ercame  
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,  
 And JESUS is the Conq'ror's name.

- 5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,  
 And angels chaunt the solemn lay,  
 Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,  
 Ye everlasting doors give away.
- 6 Who is the King of Glory, who?  
 The Lord of glorious pow'r posselt,  
 The King of saints and angels too,  
 God over all, for ever blest.

## H Y M N CX.

## W H I T S U N D A Y.

- 1 JESU, we hang upon the word,  
 The parting word we heard from Thee;  
 Be mindful of thy promise, Lord,  
 Thy promise made to all, and me,  
 To all, who thy commands pursue,  
 And dare believe that God is true.
- 2 Thou saidst, I will the FATHER pray,  
 And He the COMFORTER shall give,  
 Shall give Him in your hearts to stay,  
 And never more his temples leave;  
 Myself will to my orphans come,  
 And make you mine eternal home.
- 3 Come then, Lord, come! Thyself reveal,  
 And let thy promise now take place;  
 Be it according to thy will,  
 According to the word of grace  
 Thy sorrowful disciples chear,  
 And send us down the COMFORTER.
- 4 This earnest of our glory give,  
 And so thy purchas'd people keep;  
 And so from day to day revive  
 Thy helpless wand'ring dying sheep,  
 Till Thou from dust their bodies raise  
 To see thy face and sing thy praise.

## H Y M N CXI.

[ ANOTHER *extracted from the Ordination Service.*

COME HOLY GHOST our souls inspire  
And lighten with celestial fire,  
Thou the anointing spirit art,  
Who dost thy sev'n fold gifts impart:  
Thy blessed unction from above  
Is comfort, life, and fire of love,  
Enable with perpetual light  
The dulness of our blinded sight;  
Anoint and cheer our soiled face,  
With the abundance of the grace.  
Keep far our foes, give peace at home,  
Where Thou art guide no ill can come.  
Teach us to know the FATHER, SON,  
And Thee, of both, to be but ONE;  
That through the ages all along,  
This, this may be our endless song;  
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above ye heav'nly host,  
Praise FATHER, SON and HOLY GHOST.

F I N I S.



